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CHRONICLE.

In Parliament. **O**N Friday week the Duke of YORK took his seat with due rites in the House of Lords, and the Small Holdings Bill was considered in Committee. The personality clause was, as was expected, struck out; the LORD CHANCELLOR getting "a hair in its neck" by showing that it went in the teeth of a clause of an Act no older than 1890, and was otherwise unworkable. In the Lower House much time was (to be polite) spent on the expected worry over Saturday pollings. Mr. LABOUCHERE, Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, and Mr. GLADSTONE insisted on the right of the working-man, who has already taken good care that his work shall not keep him from the poll on Saturday or any other day, to disfranchise the small shopkeeper, to whom leaving his shop on that day means a heavy loss. Sir WILLIAM was sure that the fault lay with the poor Lords; Mr. BALFOUR denied and disproved it; and so an end.

The chief business in the House of Lords on Monday was the report stage of the Small Holdings Bill. Lord HERSCHELL endeavoured to reinstate the personality clause, but was defeated by 63 to 21. In the House of Commons Mr. LABOUCHERE and Mr. FOWLER, by fervid appeals, extracted from Mr. BALFOUR the confidential communication of the fact, which had been pretty well known before, that Tuesday next, the 28th, is the day on which the Government will dissolve, if they can. This is not favourable to Saturday polling, and the friends of the working-man have relapsed into their carefully-prepared indignation. The Appropriation Bill was read a third time. The Archdeaconry of Cornwall Bill was dropped—a shabby little triumph for the shabby little sect of those about Mr. PICTON. Then, after the usual preliminary talk (in which Sir ROPER LETHBRIDGE submitted the grievances of the Uncovenanted, and Mr. SAMUEL SMITH protested that it will never be merry with India till she is left defenceless), Mr. CURZON brought forward the Indian Budget, in a good speech delivered to an audience reduced even below the "field" usual on the occasion. He was able to show a small surplus, instead of the expected small deficit.

On Tuesday the House of Lords read the Small Holdings Bill a third and the Irish Education Bill a

second time, also furthering other measures. It was then doomed to one of the endless Earl of MAR debates, which make some of those who had no doubt as to Lord MAR's right to his title wish to Heaven he had never established it. The principal business before the House of Commons (which had a short and dull sitting, though Mr. LABOUCHERE tried once more to raise the cry of Saturday and Light-polling) consisted of the Scotch Fishery Board Bill (which was opposed by Dr. CLARK), and the British Columbia Loan Bill, also a Scotch Bill in disguise, the loan being intended to facilitate Crofter emigration (which was opposed by Mr. MORTON).

On Wednesday Mr. LABOUCHERE was, for the nonce, General TROCHU, and "had a plan"—a cunning plan—whereby messengers, booted and spurred, should convey the writs to the returning officers, and so make the disfranchisement of small shopkeepers, Jews, persons who take the only holiday open to them, and so forth, possible, that so his majesty the working-man may not be hustled and hurried in voting. But, alas! the plan turned out to be illegal, not to mention that Mr. BALFOUR, with infinite gentleness, pointed out how, entirely to please Mr. LABOUCHERE, he had hurried his decision on the day. On the Small Holdings Bill some natural, if not very reasonable, protests were made against the Lords' exclusion of the eleventh clause; but few mustered to support them, and the Lords' amendment was accepted by 48 to 17. The fate of the Scotch Fishery Bill was less fortunate, for Dr. CLARK persisted in his obstruction, and the measure, which is of considerable importance to Scotland, was withdrawn. Both on this and on the next matter, the British Columbia Loan Bill, the silliest speeches were made by Mr. HUNTER—a thing not surprising to those who have read the singular "frenzy of "JOHN DENNIS" which that honourable and learned gentleman last week wrote to Professor MINTO. From this we learn, among other things, that "the party "of all the Dukes who have so long enjoyed the "plunder [*sic*] Church and King," are, by "wasting "a small portion of their ill-gotten goods," about "to impose upon him [Mr. HUNTER] a fine in the "shape of election expenses." A HUNTER hunted by all the Dukes: a matchless instruction to a painter.

On Thursday the Lords (a Committee of whose

House had, on the previous day, done London the great service of preventing the Embankment from being spoiled by an utterly needless and useless tramway) passed the Irish Education Bill through Committee (not a few members "scoring off" their detractors in the Lower House by protesting against the manner in which they were being hurried), and discussed the administration of North Borneo. The Commons read the British Columbia Bill a third time, and quickly adjourned till Monday, there having been yet more talk about Mr. LABOUCHERE'S Saturday fad. Mr. RITCHIE, who knows more about the poorer urban constituencies than most men, very clearly and convincingly showed that nobody would be disfranchised by not having polls on Saturday, and that many would be disfranchised by having them. Indeed, it would be quite worth while to make Saturday a *dies non* for the purpose by Act of Parliament.

**The Ulster Convention.** The great Ulster Demonstration against Home Rule came off at Belfast yesterday week with overflowing attendance, extreme enthusiasm at the Duke of ABERCORN'S simple "We will not have 'Home Rule,' a curious and interesting mixture of Irish fervour with Scotch and English solidity, and a seventeenth-century touch here and there, which was most noteworthy. But what Dr. SIBTHORP (that is to say, Dr. MORLEY) and Dr. MAINWARING (that is to say, Dr. HARCOURT) think of this new protest against non-resistance, this denial of divine right, they have but imperfectly told us. Antidotes had to be applied to the bane, and Mr. GLADSTONE was sent for to the Reverend GUINNESS ROGERS'S at Clapham to exhibit the dose. Mr. GLADSTONE is a reader of *Treasure Island*, and some of his followers call him a man of humour. So doubtless he thought, on the way to the Reverend GUINNESS ROGERS'S at Clapham, of "Fetch aft the rum, 'DARBY!' Alas! the rum on this occasion, though duly fetched aft, was very much "under proof," for a weaker speech Mr. GLADSTONE has probably never made. At the same time Mr. MORLEY was supplying the lemon—a bitter, pippy lemon—up at Newcastle, in a speech, if not so weak as Mr. GLADSTONE'S, yet much more ill-tempered and not much more convincing. But the greatest compliment received by this extremely significant and successful demonstration was a manifesto put out by Nationalists in answer to it, wherein "the rapacity of the landlord class" was urged to show that Nationalists have more to fear from Loyalists than Loyalists from Nationalists. The Belfast demonstration was well echoed and sustained by a great Unionist meeting in St. James's Hall on Wednesday, which was attended by a vast crowd, and addressed by the Duke of ARGYLL, Lord LONDONDERRY, and some Ulster delegates, including Dr. KANE. Dr. KANE has the reputation of not always speaking advisedly with his tongue, but the only violence we discover in his speech was the description of Mr. PAT EGAN as an "infamous scoundrel," which is simply an indulgence in synonyms. And the ball once more returning to Ireland was caught and hit back by a Convention in Dublin on Thursday, only less remarkable than that at Belfast. On the other side let due weight be given to the fact that some Home Rule Ulstermen, to the number of one hundred and fifty, including, and cheered by the presence of, the Reverend GUINNESS ROGERS and General Sir ANDREW CLARKE, met and boldly dined at the Holborn Restaurant on the day last mentioned.

**Politics out of Parliament.** As the General Election approaches only a very small part of extra-Parliamentary political talk can be noticed. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN spoke pluckily and ingeniously at Birmingham yesterday week, suggesting that the Unionist alliance had taught Radicals not to scuttle abroad, and Tories not to lag behind at home. Mr. CHAPLIN spoke at Yeovil this day week, and Mr. PEARSON, the docker

delegate, who won disastrous eminence by attempting to enter into Socratic argument with Mr. GLADSTONE, addressed a meeting on the same day, and complained of having "traps sprung on him." Mr. MORLEY spoke again (*vide* "Ulster Convention") at Accrington on Monday, and was rather apologetic; while Lord ROSEBERRY, cruelly regardless of the state of mind of Mr. PICTON and others on the interference of peers at elections, addressed an Edinburgh audience, as we learn from the unimpeachable authority of the *Daily News*, "in connexion with the contest in 'the West division of the city.'" Lord ROSEBERRY was very cross, and declared that he did well to be so in face of the wicked conduct of Ulster and the wicked conduct of Lord SALISBURY. He bestowed anathemas on the Newcastle and all other programmes, misquoted "Ta Phairshon," and altogether seemed not quite "in his plate," as the French say. Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT followed at Manchester, and was vociferous about Saturday polling, in regard to which, unluckily for him, a letter of Mr. BALFOUR'S to Mr. SHIPTON, published side by side with the Manchester speech, explains the action of the Government fully and satisfactorily. It is satisfactory to learn that Sir WILLIAM, who has had much experience, "has never known low cunning succeed either in business or in politics." On Wednesday the principal speeches were those of the Duke of DEVONSHIRE, who surveyed the whole situation vigorously at Bath, and of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, who spoke again at Birmingham, and made reply to Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, Lord ROSEBERRY, and others. On Thursday Mr. BALFOUR spoke at Northwich to a meeting in honour of Mr. SMITH BARRY (whom if all Irish landlords resembled, happy were Ireland), Mr. GOSCHEN at Portsmouth, and Lord ROSEBERRY—Election Agent-General to the Gladstonian party—at Whitechapel.—Mr. PLIMSOLL has advised the sailors that the wicked Tories are, after all, their best friends.—Election addresses from Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, Mr. MORLEY, the HOME SECRETARY, and many others have been published. Mr. GLADSTONE'S of course attracts, and must receive, exceptional attention. Here we shall only say that the historical statements of the second paragraph are such as no statesman could make who was not either utterly ignorant of the facts, or contemptuously sure of the ignorance of his followers. But, after all, why take this trouble? The bear is killed, we learn from certain Separatist papers, and his skin disposed of at a satisfactory price; in other words, they contain an exact list of Mr. GLADSTONE'S Cabinet, in which Mr. MORLEY, by the way, is to go back to Ireland. But surely that is the place for Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN?

**Foreign and Colonial Affairs.** On this day week the Venezuelan Revolution was said to have succeeded, President PALACIO resigning. Converting South American into English, this probably means that the fighting will now be about something or somebody else. But the Venezuelan cry of "Down with the police!" gives complete expression to much modern politics.—Bad cholera news from India and Persia came on Monday morning, together with the intelligence that the Paris Municipality, ungrateful for LEO XIII.'s attentions, are trying to revive "civil baptism," and much gossip about Prince BISMARCK'S visit to Vienna and that of the King and Queen of ITALY to Berlin. Far more important, if true, were rumours of disturbances in Afghanistan, at the Herat end, and interference by Russia.—It was first rumoured and afterwards confirmed that the Germans have met with another severe check in Africa—this time in the Kilimanjaro district. The fact is that annexing savage countries in these days of telegraph and steamer is a process too heavily handicapped. The happier *conquistadores* of all nations in old days had time to make their "reverses" and



"checks" good before the news of them reached home.—The above-named visitors to Vienna and Berlin were received, it would seem, with almost equal enthusiasm. Count HERBERT BISMARCK's wedding was duly celebrated on Tuesday at Vienna, and on Wednesday, at Berlin, King HUMBERT had the good taste to refer to Queen MARGHERITA as "My wife," thereby, it may be, scandalizing snobs, as the PRINCE OF WALES once did on a famous occasion.—The Belgian elections were completed, with a more considerable gain for the Liberals than had been expected, though the Clericals have still a three-fifths majority in both Chambers. The epidemic of strikes in Spain had reached the telegraph clerks. News also came of an organized rebellion in most European Bourses against the way in which Portugal is dealing with her debts.—Thursday's news was not very important, consisting chiefly of the list of M. TRICOUPI'S Ministry, which, as a matter of course, has succeeded the makeshift Constantinopulo Cabinet in Greece, some details of the navigation arrangements on the Zambesi, accounts of the scoundrel RAVACHOL'S trial, and some statements about Lieutenant MIZON, a Frenchman who has for some time past been engaged in trying to poach on the Royal Niger Company's preserves, and has just returned to Paris. Those who know the French character generally, and have read M. MIZON'S own writings in particular, will relish the *style noble* in which he is said to have described the perfidious attempts of the British to incite barbaric Sultans against him, and the hault courage with which he crushed those wiles.—On Thursday Mr. CLEVELAND was chosen, by a very large majority, Democratic candidate for the Presidency of the United States; RAVACHOL was sentenced to death; it was announced that Baron VON BÜLOW, the German leader in the recent disaster at Kilimanjaro, had been killed, and a hideous scheme of advertisement boardings to line the Suez Canal was promulgated to an indignant world.

**The Law Courts.** The strange cases of girl-poisoning in South London have been the subject of investigation during the week, but no positive result has been reached.

**Racing.** On the last day of the Ascot Meeting the other great long-distance race, the Alexandra Plate, though not reduced to quite the same beggarly condition as the Cup, brought out three runners only. It was won easily enough by the Duke of WESTMINSTER'S Blue Green. The Wokingham Plate, on the other hand, had over twenty starters, and fell to Mr. COOPER'S Hildebert; while a great "pot" was upset by the defeat of Minting Queen in the Windsor Castle Stakes. But the most interesting race of the day, perhaps, was the Hardwicke Stakes. In this St. Damien without much difficulty beat M. BLANC'S four-year-old Gouverneur, which was, indeed, giving him nearly two stone. In the racing of the present week the most interesting event was the Northumberland Plate, which fell on Wednesday to Mr. FANSON'S Newcourt.

**Cricket.** Yesterday week Cambridge beat Sussex by six, and Surrey Derbyshire by seven wickets. Two other matches of interest were prolonged into Saturday, Yorkshire, after a long and hard-fought match, defeating Middlesex by four wickets, thanks to ULYETT'S 111, while Notts beat Lancashire by six wickets. The cricket of the early part of this week was much interfered with by showers and affected by the state of the ground consequent on them. The first match of importance to be decided was that between Kent and Somerset, in which on Tuesday the Western county won for the first time this season. On Wednesday Oxford, who had never had much of a chance, were beaten by Lancashire in a single innings, and Leicestershire beat Derbyshire by a

single wicket. But the most interesting matches were at Lord's and Leeds. In the first, between Middlesex and Notts, SHREWSBURY'S great innings of 212 for the latter had made a win for Middlesex almost impossible, though Mr. STODDART, Mr. SCOTT, Mr. O'BRIEN, and Mr. "MATHEWS" played excellently. But it was only at four minutes to seven that the last Middlesex bat was caught. In Surrey v. Yorkshire, on a wicket cut to pieces, Mr. SHUTER "declared," a rather risky thing against such opponents. In fact, the Yorkshire team actually made 128 out of the 146 necessary, and were beaten by seventeen runs only at five minutes to time.

**Correspondence.** Two remarkable letters on the subject of the Ulster Convention appeared in the *Times* of Monday: one from Mr. W. E. BALL, smashing Mr. GLADSTONE'S scepticism as to the proportion of protesting Irish Nonconformist ministers, one from the Reverend Dr. JOSEPH PARKER exhibiting a most unmistakable tendency to hedge. And though our respect for the Reverend Dr. JOSEPH PARKER is limited, we believe that he knows how to make a political book.—On Tuesday morning Mr. LECKY, to whom Mr. GLADSTONE had unwisely appealed for blessing, responded cursing him altogether, and a curious correspondence between Mr. GLADSTONE himself and Mr. ROBY was published, in which the Lancashire bimetalists were bidden to be of good cheer, for that when Mr. GLADSTONE has built the palace and married the princess, he will *not* kick at the proposed bimetalist conference.—A rapier and dagger fight by letter has been going on between Mr. MORLEY and Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, and Mr. FRANK HILL has brought up some useful words of Sir G. C. LEWIS'S, bearing on Home Rule.

**Miscellaneous.** The Coroner's inquests on the victims of the Bishopsgate collision showed clearly that it was due to the fault of two signalmen, whom the juries let off very easily, for there was no proof that either was overworked.—The Royal Agricultural Society has been holding a successful show, which was attended by the PRINCE OF WALES, at Warwick.—A detective, Sergeant JOYCE, was shot and killed in London on Monday by a man whom he was arresting on a charge of theft.—A meeting was held on Tuesday to support the movement for a Biological Observatory in Jamaica.—Liverpool and Manchester have come in, by the indirect bequest of the late Mr. LEWIS, the WHITELEY of those cities, for a windfall of something between a quarter and half a million.—On Wednesday Lord DUFFERIN was installed at Dover as Warden of the Cinque Ports, with all the ancient and recently disused state and ceremony. On the same day Lord ROSEBERY formally resigned the Chairmanship of the L.C.C. :—

Q. "What will he do for a gown to wear?"  
A. "He'll share in the skin when they've killed the bear."  
Q. "What will he do if the bear goes free?"  
A. "He'll shock Mrs. Grundy and Mr. Horslee!"

**Obituary.** The death of Mr. WILLIAM CORY, for the greater part of his life known as Mr. WILLIAM JOHNSON, should, but for an oversight, have been noticed here last week. Mr. CORY had nearly reached his seventieth year, and was well known to all Etonians of the third quarter of this century as master and tutor. He was also known to a small but very select circle as the author of *Ionica*, a remarkable book of poems which, in its last and fullest form, was reviewed here last year. His other chief literary venture—a History of England of great originality and power—was perhaps known to fewer still. Indeed, Mr. CORY'S abilities were very great, though, through fault or fortune, his lot was not wholly happy.—Mr. DILLWYN, who died suddenly in the midst of election business, had represented Swansea for nearly forty years. He was much respected for honesty and simplicity of character in the House of Commons, though his

politics were hopelessly narrow, and his power in debate was not great.

The performance for the Actors' Benevolent Fund at the Lyceum on Thursday afternoon was exceptionally brilliant even for the first stage of London. To take a few items out of many, Mr. and Mrs. TREE were at their best in *The Ballad-Monger*. M. MAUREL, admirably accompanied by M. DE NEVERS, by his exquisite method of singing illustrated fully his work recently reviewed in these columns. Mme. SARAH BERNHARDT played a scene from *Phèdre*. It cannot be said that as to art her playing was like that of her first performance of the part at the Français. Her voice did not answer her intentions, except in the tender passages. M. DARMONT made a distinct mark as Hippolyte. Señor SARASATE played the violin with the fire, feeling, and alas! trickery that are to be expected from him—only the trickery was small and the passion and pathos were great.—On a recent occasion Miss ANGELA VANBRUGH, at a concert of her own, gave every promise of mastery over the same instrument.

#### THE COMING ELECTION.

AS every one has known officially since Mr. BALFOUR'S statement on Monday, and as most well-informed people knew unofficially beforehand, Tuesday next, accidents excepted, will see the present Parliament dissolved. Few dissolutions, indeed, have been longer foreseen: none perhaps have taken place more in the manner of natural death, and less hastened by sudden accidents. If either side is unprepared or is taken at disadvantage, it is the fault of that side, and if the elector does not understand the issue on which he is fighting, it is more than usually his own fault.

That issue is, on the whole and in the main, precisely the same as it was six years ago. There have not been wanting on both sides advisers, sometimes not always irresponsible or ignorant, who have shaken their heads over Home Rule as the battle-word, and recommended something more actual. But it was obviously impossible for Unionists to change the dependence of the quarrel if their adversaries persisted in it. And the Gladstonians have persisted in it, probably for more reasons than one. It is no doubt true enough that Mr. GLADSTONE has set his mind with proverbially dotting affection upon this his latest begotten child, as its position in his address finally shows. But a simple retrospect will show that his followers have been unable to fashion any other plank for the platform. On Labour questions the Opposition are hopelessly divided; it is certain that few of them care much for, and that many of them are set against, One-man One-vote and other tinkering with the suffrage; the reform of the House of Lords they admit to be a very big job indeed; the Disestablishment of the Church of England is a thing to be done, "but not to-day." They may talk about Land Reform, but no two of them agree what that means, and no one of them has ever given an intelligent description of what it is to do when it has been got to mean anything. Nothing unites them but Home Rule, and so by Home Rule, or rather by the chief who has made Home Rule an article of faith, they stand.

This, of course, in its turn simplifies matters for their opponents. It would be idle to pretend that on all minor matters Unionists, though they are even in these not in such a bad condition as the other side, are thoroughly agreed. Unionists, who think for themselves, may not sleep quite so sound as those happy ones who have handed over conscience and intellect alike to the keeping of Mr. GLADSTONE. But on the subject of this election there is no doubt or hesitation whatever. The Gladstonians have had six years in which to produce an argument for Home Rule, and

they have never produced one but Mr. MORLEY'S improvement on that of the Unjust Judge. They have had six years in which to produce a reply to the Unionist arguments, and they have never produced one except Mr. GLADSTONE'S favourite "Home Rule" stops the way." During this time firm government of Ireland has proved the truth of the Unionist contention that firm government is almost all that Ireland wants; a laborious judicial investigation has proved that the methods and aims of Nationalist leaders are morally detestable, and the split among themselves has proved that these leaders themselves are incapable of statesmanship. Of the other legislation of the Government at home all Unionists have not invariably approved; but there is no question that it compares most favourably both with legislation from 1868 to 1874 and with that from 1880 to 1885. As for foreign affairs, the mere attempt to make the same comparison would be absurd. Some distinct successes, no bad failure, and, on the whole, a faithful and capable stewardship both of the interests and the honour of the country, stand against the Gladstonian record of 1868-1874, which was muddle and surrender, and that of 1880-1885, which was disaster and disgrace.

It is always more or less interesting to survey the preparations for a General Election as a whole. The present fight appears to be fairly well marshalled on the Unionist side. There were still at the beginning of the present week some score or score and a half of Gladstonian seats uncontested by Unionists, and we say deliberately that there ought not to be one. It may seem to the other side, as a Separatist print remarked the other day of the Gladstonian resolve to leave the City of London unchallenged, a "clever move" to conceal weakness. But that is not Unionist doctrine, while it must be remembered that unopposed elections are declared early, and that the results declared early do undoubtedly, irrational as it may seem, influence those decided later. There are also too many of the deplorable splits and squabbles on the same side, as, for instance, at Southampton, where the obstinacy of a self-chosen candidate, it is feared, will convert a good chance of recovering both seats into a good chance of losing both. There are singularities of selection, such as that of North Lambeth by Mr. H. M. STANLEY, whose zeal as a Liberal-Unionist might surely have led him to attack some Gladstonian stronghold in his native country of Wales, instead of endeavouring to step into the shoes of a Conservative. But these things will happen, and they are not excessively frequent or threatening this year. If a few more Unionist candidates would appear and a few more disappear before the nomination days, it would be most desirable, but one has to put up with only tolerable, instead of desirable, things in this world. The more important thing still is that every Unionist elector for a contested constituency should record his vote. The two excuses for abstention which take the form of "Oh, it's quite safe" and "Oh, it's no use," are not equally contemptible in spirit, but they are equally mischievous in practice.

Therefore, let everything go in—not for the obtaining or the retaining of power and office by this or that party, not for the whims or the ambitions of this or that individual, not for the greeds or the grudges of this or that class. These are the scarcely disguised motives or the openly uttered cries of Mr. GLADSTONE and his followers. The unity, the honour, and the welfare of the whole British Empire, by which every class and every individual must benefit, and which, if it could possibly be otherwise, should still be preferred to the benefit of every individual and every class—this is, or should be, the sole war-cry of the supporters of the present Government at the coming polls.



"Y'RE A CLEVER CHIEL, BUT—"

THE President of the Assize Court at Montbrison has probably never heard of the famous saying which has been fathered on Lord BRAXFIELD. If he hears it now, he will doubtless be horrified at its brutality. Yet if ever a judge might have said it with propriety and truth, he might at some point of the trial of RAVACHOL for the murder of the Hermit of Chamblès. After all, it is no more indecent than many of the things which French Presidents permit themselves to say in the course of their long wrangles with prisoners. "Y're a clever chiel, but y'll be nane the 'waur of a hanging, my man," is—errors and omissions excused—what Lord BRAXFIELD did, or did not, say to his prisoner. RAVACHOL is in his small way a clever chiel, but there never was a man to whom a hanging would be more wholesome. Not but that the ruffian is useful in a fashion, though it is one which deserves the rope. He is as complete a type as one could wish to see of what the sophistries, or, if that is too complimentary a term, the platitudes, of the Anarchists will do when they fall on favourable soil. He has got them all by heart, and, being a scoundrel who is not common only because he is exceptionally unscrupulous, he uses them to justify his crimes. The value of him lies in the fact that he pushes all the pernicious nonsense of the theoretical Anarchists to its proper conclusions, and acts on it. He is a living proof that the talk of many eloquent and philanthropical persons of the theoretic Anarchist order has supplied the born cut-throat and robber, who has a little ill-regulated intelligence, with a body of doctrine.

The obliging President gave him an opening for a statement of the theories he has picked up from Anarchist newspapers. "What think you," said the judge, anxious for a general discussion, "that society 'can expect from you?" "It is I," retorted KÖNIGSTEIN, *alias* RAVACHOL, "who expect society to 'reform our social condition." RAVACHOL, as he explained in the document he was not allowed to read, was not well off. He had not the comfort or the good living which, as he told the President, he enjoyed like the rest of the world. So "I have preferred to be a 'smuggler, coiner, thief, and murderer." Nothing can be more candid, or more fluently justified. RAVACHOL has all the commonplaces, including the struggle for life, at the tip of his tongue. Society is a struggle which forces men to adopt all means to support life. The workman who is dismissed may starve. Society suppresses him in that way. All men want something which others have. The employer desires the disappearance of a rival, and the tradesman wishes to have all the custom of the town. The unemployed workman envies the employed. The logical consequence of "the barbarous state of a society which only increases the number of its victims by the rigour of its laws, and punishes the effects without ever dealing with causes," is that I murdered the Hermit of Chamblès. If PRANZINI, PRADO, BERLANT, ANASTAY had not wanted gold, the desire to get that metal would never have driven them to kill. It follows that, to abolish crime, you should give us all plenty of money, and disband the police. They do no good. Experience has shown that when one criminal is removed another comes on. Give up the useless effort to stifle the imperious voice of nature which bids us all help ourselves. Give us everything we want, remove the rascally police, and then, the cause having disappeared, its effect, which is what you call crime, will no longer appear.

This, in an abbreviated form, was the eloquent, though undelivered, address of RAVACHOL. It is all very pretty, and excellently calculated to bring a rational jury to the Braxfieldian conclusion. The obvious course was to apply the "logic" in whose desecrated name RAVACHOL commits crimes to himself,

and this the Montbrison jury has had the sense to do—to the greater shame of the cowards who found extenuating circumstances at Paris. The imperious voice of nature drives RAVACHOL to murder persons with portable property. Society, which consists largely of such persons, is driven, unless it is demented, by a very imperious voice to suppress RAVACHOL. It really must explain to these reformers that what is good reasoning for them is good reasoning for others. Hanging, guillotining, garotting are the forms in which the various dialects of the civilized world reply to the arguments of the practical Anarchist. In this kind of disputation, too, society is bound to have the advantage in the long run. RAVACHOL scored a point when he murdered the Hermit, but he left the position of society little affected. But when the guillotine has its own, there is an end of RAVACHOL. We are not seriously afraid of the ten avengers who, he predicts, will take his place. If they do appear, it is only, after all, a case for ten more quotations of the guillotine. Bare politeness requires one to answer a man in the style of argument which he prefers. If he selects killing, by all means let us meet him with the same dialect. The same rule applies to our dealings with RAVACHOL's teachers. They incite to violence. Let us reply by inciting the Public Prosecutor, Procureur de la République, Procurator Fiscal, or Procurador, as the case may be, to take proceedings in due form of law. In this contest, also, it is probable that society will not get the worst. Fine and imprisonment properly enforced will see the end of a good many newspaper articles. We dare say that some learned Professors, Princes on their travels, and thoughtful young Dons of advanced opinions, may be shocked at this brutality. But in these days of equality and freedom, to which privilege is abhorrent, they cannot really expect us to endure such an anomaly as a class which is alone entitled to threaten and to kill.

#### THE ULSTER CONVENTION.

IT is quite impossible, in view of the extreme gravity of the issue raised by the Ulster protest, to do justice to any other quality of the situation which it has created. Yet nothing more grimly humorous has been witnessed within our memory than this sudden confrontation of an army of ideologues and word-mongers with one single, indisputable, unalterable, and most formidable fact. The disgust, the amazement, the resentful air of injury with which they survey the unwelcome intruder; the manner in which they walk round and round it, inspecting it from every side, and ever and anon half-timidly touching it, as though to assure themselves of its solidity, is comic in the highest degree. "Yes," they seem to be saying to themselves, "it is what it appears to be. There is a fact, a real, 'hard, implacably hostile fact to be dealt with in this 'Irish question. And we believed so firmly that the 'whole business could be comfortably settled by the 'skilful manipulation of words." Of course, after the first shock of consternation, it is to words that they betake themselves; they have no other instruments to work with, nor ever had. Words of reproof, words of remonstrance, words of appeal, of flattery, of sophistry, are tried in turn; everything but words of ridicule. These have been prudently dropped, and the most distinguished dealer in them—he who originally proposed to meet the crisis by a liberal issue of them—has for the time fallen silent on this subject. The two most serious-minded of the word-mongers, Mr. GLADSTONE and Mr. MORLEY, have taken the place of Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, and have both replied in characteristic fashion to the deliverances of the Ulster Convention—Mr.

GLADSTONE by a long series of voluble irrelevances, emitted in the parlour of a London Nonconformist minister to an audience of very "political" Dissenters, and Mr. MORLEY by one of those foolishly ingenious exercises in academic logic which cause the enemies both of logical training and academic culture to blaspheme. "You believe," said Mr. MORLEY to the Ulster men, "that Great Britain is fit to govern Ireland; you believe that Great Britain knows what is best for Ireland, and if, therefore, Great Britain thinks that Home Rule is best for Ireland, why on earth should you by anticipation protest against the decision of the country which you admit to know what is best for you?"

It is melancholy. One of the audience, apparently rather aghast at the cleverness of Mr. MORLEY's argument, exclaimed that they (the Ulstermen) "would not understand it"; but Mr. MORLEY thought they would, and we feel sure they will—only too well. We can fancy some hard-headed Northerner suggesting to this Invincible Doctor that, if he happens to be a trustee, he should try this famous argument of his on his *cestui que trust*:—"You have perfect confidence in me; you believe that I know what is best for your interests; then why on earth do you object to my transferring the trust to that common acquaintance of ours, who, I own, is desperately hard up, who has an hereditary grudge against your family, and who has been heard to express a strong desire to get hold of your money, but whose present disposition, believe me, is much more friendly than you imagine, and his intentions not nearly so dishonest as appears on the surface?"

That is the sort of "material" test which rough common sense would apply to the results of Mr. MORLEY's logic-chopping; but, of course, there is no difficulty in showing formally where the fallacy of his absurd argument lies. He has simply slipped a fourth term into his syllogism, by representing the absolute confidence of the subject in the integrity of his rulers as the same thing as an equally absolute confidence in their discretion. The Ulstermen have never put forward any contention so ridiculous as that the Imperial Parliament would always "know what is best for them." It is not in its omniscience that they trust, but in its good faith. They believe that, though the results of government from Westminster may occasionally leave much to be desired in respect of wisdom, it will at least be government, and not, as the rule of a Dublin Parliament would be, mere exploitation and plunder. Mr. MORLEY, however, is well kept in countenance by his leader, the whole of whose long harangue at Clapham, so far as it possessed any sort of materiality to the issue, was pervaded by word-jugglery of precisely the same sort. Mr. GLADSTONE abounded in argument and illustration to satisfy the people of Ulster that there is no danger of their being subjected to religious oppression at the hands of the majority under a Home Rule Government. But what does religious oppression mean? If the words are used—as, of course, in strictness they ought to be—to signify the restraint or molestation of one class in the practice of its religion by another class, Mr. GLADSTONE is, of course, entitled to say that no danger of that sort exists to-day in Ireland. But if, on the other hand, religious oppression means the infliction of civil wrong by one class upon another in the gratification of a hostility largely, if not wholly, inspired by religious differences, then Mr. GLADSTONE's reassurances of the Ulstermen are entirely inapplicable. They did not touch or even approach the subject of this danger; and this happens to be the very danger which, so far as religious differences enter into the question at all, the people of Ulster fear. And, as Mr. CHAMBERLAIN has since reminded him in his admirable speech of the other night

at Birmingham, Mr. GLADSTONE has chosen to ignore all that abundant evidence from a variety of quarters which confirms the Ulstermen's apprehension—Archbishop WALSH's avowal of his designs upon the revenues of Trinity College, Mr. DILLON's truculent menaces of the Constabulary, the threats levelled against the linen industry of Belfast.

But Mr. GLADSTONE has never, perhaps, been so unfortunate as in connexion with his Clapham speech. The whole function, down even to the unctuous blessing pronounced at Mr. GUINNESS ROGERS's garden gate by Mr. GLADSTONE on his host's household, was comically suggestive of the famous tea at Mr. SNAGSBY'S, whereat the Rev. Mr. CHADBAND spoke a word in season; but the honoured guest on this last occasion had even more difficulty than his clerical prototype in discovering "the terewth." He cited Mr. LECKY for the proposition that "a national feeling is the only check to sectarian passions," but with no better result than that of drawing from the distinguished historian a prompt denial that this quotation from a very early work of his has any application to the existing state of things in Ireland. Then, again, Mr. GLADSTONE wanted to know "where were the signatures of the 990 Protestant ministers who are anti-Home Rulers in Ireland." Well, he was promptly told where they were by Mr. W. E. BALL. They are at Mr. BALL'S Chambers, 3 Pump Court, Temple, and any one who wishes to inspect them, he adds, "may do so on application to my clerk." We have no expectation that Mr. GLADSTONE will apply to Mr. BALL'S clerk for this purpose, any more than we had that he would ask permission to examine Colonel DOPPING'S gun. If he takes any notice of this most calamitous rejoinder, it will probably be to deny that he ever asked where were the signatures of the Protestant ministers' memorial, and to assert that he merely inquired where the signatories were, and why they had not come forward to make affidavits that their names were not forged. In a few weeks' time it will be possible for his one faithful supporter in the London press to repeat the delightfully droll process by which he has just proved that Mr. GLADSTONE never asked in 1885 for a majority to enable him to resist the Home Rule demand—the said process consisting in the production of other statements of Mr. GLADSTONE inconsistent therewith. This is a method upon which the Gladstonian apologist may be warmly congratulated. With it he may do much, almost anything indeed, so far as his client's mere words are concerned. But facts—especially such facts as the Ulster Appeal, and the stirring response given to it on behalf of the people of London at the St. James's Hall the other night—with these he will have more difficulty.

#### ULSTER IN ST. JAMES'S HALL.

"ULSTER'S appeal to England" was made on Wednesday night in St. James's Hall, and there were unusual evidences of keen and strong sympathy. The "appeal" was made to an audience of such an unusual size that it required the Duke of ARGYLL'S interpretation that "the Nonconformist conscience was awake." London does not number among its buildings any one that makes a good hall for a large mass meeting. St. James's Hall is not easy to speak in, and very hard to fill on an ordinary occasion, and if it is moderately filled to begin with, long before the meeting ends the people begin to leave. Perhaps if a London audience were more interesting to collect it might be worth while to have such buildings as the Free-trade Hall in Manchester or the St. Andrews Hall in Glasgow in which to gather them together. But, as a general rule, there are few audiences more list-



less, cold, and *blasé*. They are no politicians, and have no instinct beyond the gas-pipes and water-butts, the music-halls, and a vague belief that there is a person called ground-rent, who might be robbed for their benefit. For such audiences, the halls and school-rooms which exist suffice, and the jaded speakers have no desire for larger premises in which "to speak into a pincushion," as addressing Londoners was once aptly described.

These things being so, the meeting at St. James's Hall was all the more marked in its character. Long before the advertised hour, orchestra, galleries, and the body of the Hall were filled, and crammed to the point of discomfort. And never did a platform have a keener or more appreciative audience to which to deliver its message. Sir GEORGE HAYTER CHUBB was in the chair, and brought with him, to the intense delight of the whole meeting, the actual signatures of those ministers which Mr. GLADSTONE spoke of with such contemptuous unbelief. "Where are they?" he asked, and when Sir GEORGE had pointedly and neatly told their story, and repeated Mr. GLADSTONE's question, he held the packet before the audience, and answered briefly "Here." It was a good beginning to a meeting devoted to exposing Gladstonian lies and subterfuges, and letting Ulster speak the truth through her appointed people.

The Marquess of LONDONDERRY answered effectively Mr. JOHN MORLEY's attack on him, and described that Ulster which is the creation of the "rogues and fools" who are its inhabitants, and its defenders against Mr. GLADSTONE. Nothing could have surpassed the eloquence and humours of Dr. KANE's long speech, full of impassioned appeal against the meditated "treason to the Empire." Every point of his was taken up, and he and his countrymen must have realized that, whether the conscience of the audience had been reached or not, they certainly were realizing to the full the difficulty of casting off a people who desire to remain one with us, and the hopeless injustice of putting such a race under the heel of the Celtic population, whose criminal instincts were dealt with "truthfully." "I do not think it will ever come to pass," said Lord LONDONDERRY, "and it was difficult to believe it possible, in speaking to a people who, at any rate for the moment, were so determined that Ulster's appeal should be accepted, and that we should stand by our own flesh and blood."

#### ΒΙΑΣΤΤΜΨΙΣΜΑΡΚ IN GREECE.

THE disputes of antiquaries are a perpetual joy to that minute class of readers who can follow the controversy without taking a side. The arguments on A.D.L.L., on "BIL STUMPS His Mark," on "Keep This Syde," are familiar to the readers of *The Antiquary* and *Pickwick*. At this moment a debate quite as curious as these is going on, the theme being the date and general bearings of the ruins at Mycenæ, and of the works of art found therein, and in other Greek and Egyptian sites. The public may take its choice, as to the dates of the Mycenaean treasures and edifices, between 1500-1100 (Mr. FLINDERS PETRIE), 770-600, there or thereabouts, put forward as possible by Mr. MURRAY of the British Museum, and a third or mixed alternative by Professor RAMSAY. Most persons who care about the matter have settled down into a comfortable belief that the Achæan BILL STUMPS made his mark before the Dorian conquest, that he built his walls, and his gate of the two lions, buried his dead with all their treasures, and was "walked out of his kingdom" by the Dorians, before 1100 B.C. But neither Mr. MURRAY, nor Professor RAMSAY, nor WILLAMOVITZ MOELLENDORFF, nor NIESE,

will permit us to acquiesce in those agreeable and romantic conclusions. Let us begin with Mr. MURRAY, in his *Handbook of Greek Art*, which is learned and excellent in method, if not convincing. Mr. MURRAY works back from the known to the less known, and so to the obscure, styles of Greek art. By an examination of pottery, and gems, and sculptures found at Mycenæ and elsewhere, he determines the dates of the lions on the gate, of the rings and gems, and pots and other treasures of Mycenæ, at about the age of the great despots, such as PHIDON, the Temenid of Argos, say 750-600 B.C. Little as we know of PHIDON, we know that under him, and, probably, under his successors, Argos was the dominant power of the Peloponnesus. Of all that great dominion are there no relics? None, unless Mycenæ and Tiryns are these remains. Here, then, we have something to show for PHIDON, and, if Mr. MURRAY is right, if the art of Mycenæ exactly fills up a gap in Greek development, comes just where it should between primitive or savage work and Greek work of 600-500 B.C., the disenchanting hypothesis seems, so far, probable. There are, however, *à priori* objections. Could tradition, between the time of PHIDON and that of THUCYDIDES, utterly forget the work of PHIDON, with all the labour which it implies? Again, how about HOMER? Mr. MURRAY says that he was ignorant of engraved gems. These occur at Mycenæ. Now, gems he assigns to the age of the Tyrants. If, then, HOMER lived before gems, tyrants, and the rise of the Mycenæ which we know, how did he come to sing so much of Mycenæ? Was there an earlier Mycenæ which he knew about, and, if so, where is it? It certainly does not remain in strata of divers periods as at Hissarlik. Here be difficulties. Also, had the Tyrants no bronze arrow-heads? or, if they had, why are all the arrow-heads found in Mycenaean graves made of flint?

Turn we to Professor RAMSAY. He has explored Phrygia, and there has found, outside a grave, lions executed in relief which resemble very closely indeed the lions on the gate of Mycenæ. The attitudes, if not the style, are identical. These lions he dates in the eighth century, the age of the Tyrants; and he places the Lion Gate of Mycenæ in the same period, and supposes that the lions came from Phrygia—the idea of them, we mean. Thus the Lion Gate will be of the Tyrants' time; but—here he differs from Mr. MURRAY—the tombs in the Citadel, with their treasures, are vastly older, are Achæan, are previous to the Dorian invasion. The Dorian conquerors, he thinks, carried on and kept up the old Achæan worship of ancient Achæan heroes, buried in the graves. But, in Mr. MURRAY's opinion, the vases, gems, and so forth of the Mycenaean graves are contemporary, on the whole, and akin in style to the lions of the gate, and thus belong to the eighth and seventh centuries, the age of the Tyrants. Here is a conflict of opinion, Mr. MURRAY believing in comparatively late Dorian, and Professor RAMSAY in very early Achæan relics.

As if this, to the layman or amateur, were not puzzling enough, comes Mr. FLINDERS PETRIE, of Egyptian fame, in the *Hellenic Journal*, April 1891. In the first grave of Mycenæ, Mr. PETRIE finds glass, now white and decayed outside, but within of a Prussian blue. This answers to the glass of RAMESSES II., in Egypt, dated by Mr. PETRIE about 1200-1150 B.C. So these give a date shortly after 1200 B.C., not a date of 750-600 B.C. The third grave has red agate pendants of about 1300; and an alabaster dish, in the form of two hands, and such dishes in Egypt are about 1200 B.C. There are other ornaments of similar dates. Then, as to the lions, Professor RAMSAY may find such lions in the Phrygia of 800 B.C.; but Mr. PETRIE knows an Egyptian lion, in gilt wood, in exactly the same attitude, and this he dates about

1450 B.C. Thus lions of this kind did not come from Phrygia to Greece about 750 B.C., but went from Greece to Phrygia some time between 1450 B.C. and 750 B.C. "That the design penetrated to Phrygia is nothing surprising, considering the range of Mycenaean culture." Then there are peculiar swords found at Mycenae. Mr. PETRIE knows a similar one from the grave of an Egyptian queen, before 1600 B.C. But, then, Mr. MURRAY is aware of work of the seventh century in the same queen's grave, and how did it get there if the date of 1600 is right? People seldom add to the objects in old tombs. MM. CHIEPIEZ and PERROT think these Mycenaean swords are of Oriental, probably Phœnician, work for the more part.

Thus, on the whole, it is a very pretty quarrel, or rather debate, for all the parties are perfectly polite; except, perhaps, Mr. CECIL TORR, who is certainly rather severe on Mr. FLINDERS PETRIE's arguments derived from pottery in Egypt. Antiquaries are now mild-mannered men, and so there is all the more chance of a peaceable solution. But, for opinions notably different, yet all plausibly argued, we do think that the dispute over AGAMEMNON his tomb is as lively and diverting as that over "BIL STUMPS His Mark." Our sympathies as orthodox Homerists are all with Mr. FLINDERS PETRIE. But somehow we do not care much for the little gilt lion's security, and perhaps glass-makers might use their "Proosian blue" at almost any period. Yet, if we go with Mr. MURRAY, we must believe that the gold and the walls of "Mycenae rich in gold," that "stablished fortress," are very much later than "well-walled Tiryns," are even later than HOMER's time. It is all very perplexing, and will keep these happy "antiquarian old womanries," as Sir WALTER calls them, with us for many a long day. It would be sad if so old a question were settled once for all, but there is no danger of that at present.

#### SATURDAY POLLING.

IF Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT does not take care he will share the melancholy fate of Mr. GILBERT's "Jester JAMES" at the end of the first five months of his engagement for "three certain years." He is beginning to "lose his sense of fitness and his delicacy chaste"; and, if we cannot exactly say that "some of his conundrums are in execrable taste," we may, at any rate, apply the last remark to his most recent selection of a subject for his pleasantries. Those which he "got off" on the subject of Ulster distinctly jarred upon the general, and that even his colleagues were somewhat disconcerted by them seems probable from the fact that the solemnity both of Mr. GLADSTONE and Mr. MORLEY in speaking on the same subject has been something portentous. Then, again, Sir WILLIAM has been almost as unfortunate in his attempts at the serious. Having incurred rebuke by indecent levity in dealing with a grave matter, he has since provoked ridicule by solemnly fussing over a trifle. He must, indeed, be "losing touch with the people," to use the odious cant of his school, if he really believes that there is any popular capital to be got out of the "Saturday polling" cry; and when he talks about "impudent impostures," "low cunning," "scurvy tricks," and all the rest of it, he should reflect that, though his abuse of the Government for resorting to what he absurdly calls their base, mean, and contemptible conduct may not displease his democratic admirers by its vulgar scurrility, it may quite possibly disgust them by its silliness.

Here, however, we stumble upon a piece of Sir WILLIAM's bad luck, and his misjudgment is reinforced by misfortune. He could have helped talking nonsense at second-hand about disfranchising the

working-class voter; but he is not responsible for the hapless coincidence of the report of that nonsense appearing side by side in the *Times* with the letter from Mr. WILLOX and the statistics contained in it, and with Mr. BALFOUR's letter to Mr. SHIPTON, with its intimation that in the very town in which Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT was vapouring a body much better entitled than he can possibly be to speak for the working-class voter has found itself quite unable to subscribe to the assumption upon which all his noisy Billingsgate has been poured forth. The Manchester Trades Council, "practically representing vast masses of the working-men of Lancashire," as Mr. BALFOUR reminds his correspondent, do not agree with the London Trades Council in the view that Saturday is a specially favourable day for taking a poll of their constituents. And Mr. WILLOX has been able to produce evidence which goes to show that, in certain constituencies at any rate, Saturday is actually a worse day than some others. In 1890 the Liverpool municipal election took place on a Saturday, and resulted in a poll of 38,000 odd, while in 1891 a Monday election yielded a poll of over 45,000. What is more, this disparity between the two polls was actually exhibited most conspicuously in a ward of the town which is inhabited almost exclusively by artisans. If these facts do not quite carry the writer's conclusion that, taking the whole country through, "Saturday is the one day in the week most inconvenient to the people," they, at any rate, amply suffice to refute the contradictory of this proposition. And, seeing that the returning officers—who also must be supposed to understand something about their business, who do personally institute some sort of mental inquiry into the question of public convenience, and who cannot, in the absence of any evidence to that effect, be assumed to have made themselves the willing instruments of those "who hate and fear the people"—seeing, we say, that the returning officers, with full power to fix polls on Saturday, at the two last elections rarely exercised their discretion in that manner, we may safely pronounce Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT's discovery of the "disfranchisement of the working-man elector" to be a mare's-nest. We rather doubt, by the way, whether it was not Mr. LABOUCHERE who originally found it, and Sir WILLIAM who followed him in debate. Now, Mr. LABOUCHERE is a very dangerous man to follow on a quest of this kind; for he is quite capable of pretending to have deluded himself for the purpose of "taking a rise" out of a distinguished friend. And we should hesitate to lay Mr. MORLEY's odds that he has not been amusing himself at Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT's expense.

#### "TOUGH AND D-V-L-SH SLY."

THE change in Mr. GLADSTONE's tactics as the General Election comes within measurable distance is very remarkable. A great many questions which but a few months ago were within the sphere of practical politics—it is difficult to avoid Gladstonian phrases in writing of Mr. GLADSTONE—are dismissed to some other sphere, probably to that "limbo large and broad called the paradise of fools." Mr. GLADSTONE for a long time has set up as a kind of Universal Provider. Whatever anybody wanted he was ready to supply; if he had not got it in stock, it could easily be obtained. No customer was sent empty away, so far as promises were concerned. Mr. DISRAELI described Sir ROBERT PEEL's mind as being one great Appropriation Clause. With not less truth, Mr. GLADSTONE's mind may be said to be a great Accommodation Bill. He has accepted all sorts of Accommodation Bills; but, now that they are becoming due,



he positively declines to provide for them. He has given a bill of sale to Home Rule, and that has priority over everything else. The Universal Provider has only a licence to deal in Home Rule. His tactics in this sudden change of his attitude are easily discernible. If the General Election took place on all the issues which up till recently Mr. GLADSTONE himself and all his followers have represented as involved in it, it would be open to the House of Lords to contend that the vote of this country had not been given on the question of Home Rule. There might be a Gladstonian majority, but it would not necessarily be a Home Rule majority. Local Option, *plus* Parish Councils, *plus* one man one vote, *plus* Welsh and Scotch Disestablishment, *plus* the abolition of the House of Lords, and half a dozen other items, do not add up into a grand total of Home Rule. Therefore, Mr. GLADSTONE now declares that Home Rule stands before everything else; that he does not himself undertake to deal with any other question; that when he has discharged this last duty his public life will be over, and he will seek his *nunc dimittis*, as he did seventeen years ago, but really meaning it this time, and no mistake. He thinks he would be dishonoured and disgraced if he fulfilled the expectations he has been holding out to all sorts of advocates of all sorts of projects. Therefore Lord ROSEBURY is instructed to describe the Newcastle confession as an unauthorized programme. A Lutheran might with scarcely greater profanity describe the Augsburg Confession, or a Roman Catholic the Tridentine Decrees, or an Anglican the Thirty-nine Articles, as unauthorized programmes. Mr. JOHN MORLEY insists that the duty of the new Parliament will be to pass a Home Rule Act, and to alter the spirit of domestic legislation. How this is to be done without legislating on any question whatsoever, except, perhaps, that of Registration, if there should be time, and a speedy dissolution should seem probable, it would require a more subtle doctor than Mr. JOHN MORLEY to explain. The facts being so, a Gladstonian candidate might as appropriately be heckled about evolution or the transformation of forces as about Local Option or Welsh Disestablishment.

But Home Rule may mean one or other of half a dozen things, from a measure of local self-government which Mr. CHAMBERLAIN might accept, to one which would satisfy Mr. MICHAEL DAVITT or Mr. TIMOTHY HEALY. Therefore, the country must know what is the Home Rule for and against which it is voting, or the House of Lords would be within their constitutional right in referring the matter back again to the constituencies. This danger must somehow or other be avoided. Therefore Mr. GLADSTONE, in spite of his solemn declaration that their retention was absolutely impracticable, and, if practicable, would be unjust to England, lets it be known through Lord ROSEBURY and Mr. JOHN MORLEY that the impossible will be done, the injustice will be perpetrated. But this is hardly enough. The void will, therefore, be filled up probably by some general reference to the Bill of 1886, which Mr. GLADSTONE describes as dead or as holding the field as it suits the purpose of the moment. The country will be represented as voting on the Bill of 1886, more or less modified—a phrase which will cover close resemblance or almost complete dissimilarity—and the retention of Irish members. The trick is a clever one. The political cliques and coteries which have been brought into the Gladstonian organization by promises that are not to be kept may not find it easy to break out of it again. They have embarked, and cannot be landed when they find that the captain is not going to touch at any of the ports at which he promised. But they may mutiny, and put the vessel on other tacks. Mr. GLADSTONE is not

politically immobile, and the tail may find itself strong enough to wag the dog. Happily, there is increasing reason to hope that the country will reaffirm the vote of 1886. Still, the dexterity of the Gladstonian scheme, if we have rightly interpreted it, is marvellous. Major BAGSTOCK's well-known self-eulogy expresses some of the qualities essential in a British statesman, and never more conspicuous than in Mr. GLADSTONE's vigorous and astute old age.

#### MR. GLADSTONE'S ADDRESS.

THE style throughout, and the matter of one passage, distinguish Mr. GLADSTONE's election address from the common run of such documents as they are constructed on his own side. There is the usual obligatory reference to that one of Mr. GLADSTONE's faculties for rule which he owes to the fact that he was born in 1809. A follower would have referred to the venerable age of his revered leader directly. Mr. GLADSTONE does it indirectly by reminding the voters of Midlothian that this is the last time (perhaps) his hand will sweep the lyre. In the larger part of Mr. GLADSTONE's address there is nothing either more original or more politically instructive than this appeal to a respectable sentimental emotion. Whatever difficulty it presents is the difficulty of discovering what he means—if anything—or why he should say what he does. Neither of these questions presents itself when Mr. GLADSTONE says that "the points . . . which are "special" of the Labour question "have within the last "twelve months been so thoroughly discussed that I "may for a moment pass on to"—in short, to talk of votes and registration, and other subjects less ticklish than those which were discussed in a recent conversation. It is characteristic of the writer that the payment of members should be described as "the "removal by legislation of the pecuniary impediments "which the conditions of labouring life offer to the "representation of the wage-earning population by "persons of their own class and associations." But, though it is individual in form, it is not original in substance. About as much may be said of Mr. GLADSTONE's light handling of the Eight-hours question. The just desire for shorter hours of labour has developed during the present Parliament, and Mr. GLADSTONE hopes to discuss "that prominent and important part of the "subject which concerns mining labour" at an early period.

More valuable, and not less Gladstonian, is the passage which informs London that, if the men who are prepared to concede all the demands of the County Council are elected, it will receive its reward, and that other, in which the Agricultural Holdings Bill is described as the little we could obtain was accepted, "in "order to raise it to a sufficiency when," under the auspices of the electorate, we attain "to a brighter "and a better day." The value of that last passage lies in the little illustration it affords of the dangers of buying your electors in an auction of remedial legislation. But though the address contains many passages which supply convenient texts for critical discussion of the unique Gladstonian electoral style—that style which says "I am in the market" in a haze of words which the most skilful may try in vain to clear away, and yet with a precision which the most stupid can understand—we must not be tempted to spend more time on its unimportant parts. Those which are of real pith are to be found at the beginning—in the paragraphs which practically make the rest of the address meaningless by announcing that Mr. GLADSTONE stands on Home Rule. The fact that this, and this only, is, or can be, his policy was, of course, known already, and here again it is rather

the manner of the saying than the thing said which has value. Mr. GLADSTONE has no less than eighty good reasons for standing on, and to, and by Home Rule. But in the paragraphs in which he announced his foreseen intention to submit to the necessity he has imposed upon himself there are two passages which are respectively perfect examples of Mr. GLADSTONE's confidence in the ignorance of his supporters and of his trust in their credulity. In the first he states as a pure matter of fact that "There never was a period in which Ireland was so loyal to the Crown, so attached to Great Britain, or so united in hearts as in the years following 1782, when she enjoyed the privileges of local self-government, until that concord was disturbed in and after 1795 by wicked machinations. For a generation after the Union she slept a deadly sleep of physical misery and political servitude." That this is the exact reverse of the truth is no more likely to suggest itself to Mr. GLADSTONE's supporters than the reflection that, if it is true, he must be a careless or dishonest man to have legislated for years as he did in defiance of what he calls sound doctrine—ever since he failed to secure a majority independent of the Irish vote. The second and even more exquisite passage is that in which Mr. GLADSTONE gives an oracular hint as to the character of that "proposal for which the Liberal party" (quite unknownst to itself, by the way) "has unitedly contended" since 1886. Mr. GLADSTONE will say more about it next week. For the present, it is "a proposal to set both Parliament and Ireland free—Ireland for the management of her own domestic affairs by a local legislature in close sympathy with Irish life, and Parliament for the work of overtaking the vast arrears of business, and supplying with reasonable despatch the various legislative wants of England, Scotland, and Wales." Is there to be no local legislation for Scotland or Wales? Alas, poor WADDIE! But it is idle to ask what there is to be from a prophet who only announces that he will do something beneficent in a manner to be hereafter revealed.

#### THE INCENSED TRADES COUNCILLOR.

IT was not without cause that the London Trades Councillors were described as greatly incensed by the reception Mr. GLADSTONE gave them last week. They were, and they said so last Sunday. Mr. PEARSON it was who "voiced their discontent," to use the language of America, and he voiced it with emphasis. In English we should say he scolded, and, like many persons who give way to the temptation to unpack their hearts in that fashion, he lost whatever sense he may at other times have of what it is wise in him, from his own point of view, to let out. Mr. PEARSON let out more things than one which in cooler moments he would probably prefer to keep concealed. Thus, for instance, he confessed, in the bitterness of his disappointment at their failure, that the deputation had not gone to Mr. GLADSTONE for his opinion, but in order to get from him some useful word of adhesion to their dogma. "Many of the difficulties that Mr. GLADSTONE sprung upon them were admitted; but they did not go to that gentleman for the purpose of reviewing difficulties, but simply and solely to obtain an expression from him on the question of what he would do in the matter." So Mr. PEARSON is reported to have said. From the first part of the quotation we conclude that, if Mr. PEARSON were told that you cannot pour a quart of beer into a pint pot because the pot is too small to hold it, he would reply, that difficulty is admitted, but will you please tell

me what you propose to do in the matter of putting the quart of beer into the pint pot?

The deputation, so says Mr. PEARSON in substance, went to No. 1 Carlton Gardens under the impression that Mr. GLADSTONE had surrendered, and was only anxious to have his surrender received with politeness. It was not until they had marched into the pleasing valley before them that they realized what had really happened. The artful old guerrillero, whose quarters they proposed to beat up, had enticed them into an ambush. "The meeting was made conversational, and it was consequently impossible for them to appoint their speakers, and lay before Mr. GLADSTONE proper arguments. They were compelled to sit round a table, and Mr. GLADSTONE had all the chances of springing traps upon them." This means that, instead of orating at large, and being left free to dismiss objections in the lump as commonplace, they were brought to book at every turn by Mr. GLADSTONE's questions. Mr. PEARSON does not imply that they found their chairs suddenly sailing out of the window, or that cold douches of water were shot at them from the wall. We can quite understand their exasperation, and the conclusions to which it has led them. These same conclusions, and the reasons given for them, are well worth considering. The Trades Council has made its mind up that no more is to be expected from Mr. GLADSTONE. He is not even an open enemy, like Lord SALISBURY, but a false friend who springs traps. When Mr. PEARSON actually pointed out to him that there were in England, Scotland, and Wales more people out of work than there were people in Ireland who wished for Home Rule, Mr. GLADSTONE absolutely did not see the force of the argument. He continued to assert that he could not throw over, or even postpone, Home Rule. Therefore, Mr. PEARSON has come to the conclusion that Mr. GLADSTONE had not given the masses political freedom, and, as he had shown "that Labour politics were not to receive any attention for years," it is "consequently the duty of the workers to see that they make Home Rule for Ireland impossible." The meeting at Socialists' Hall, 337 Strand, agreed by a large majority with Mr. PEARSON that Labour candidates shall be at once started to bedevil the Gladstonians.

If the Trades Council, the deputation, and Mr. GLADSTONE among them, had done no more than work together for the production of this resolution, we should be well obliged to them. It puts in a nutshell the whole beautiful theory and morality in political matters which are held by the working class themselves, and impressed on them by their leaders. "If we cannot get the whole loaf, you shall have no bread," is the formula which sums up the noble principle in the most convenient way; and assuredly no class—commercial, aristocratic, or military—ever held a more absolutely selfish one. But it is not for Mr. GLADSTONE to complain if the London Trades Council acts upon it. Only a few months ago he was giving his effusive approval to the endless list of bribes contained in the Newcastle programme. Then any man who wanted anything was to have it some day if he would only first vote for Mr. GLADSTONE. Now when the General Election is at hand, and he is asked "what he would do in the matter," he says "nothing." He will think of nothing but Home Rule, and the rest must wait. Mr. MORLEY does not see why a Home Rule Bill should not be passed in part of a Session as easily as a Local Government Bill; but this is cold comfort to your eight-hours' man, and so forth, who may observe that the Local Government Bill is not through yet, and is not consoled by the prospect that Mr. GLADSTONE's obstruction may conceivably turn out to be no worse than Mr. BALFOUR's. Mr. GLADSTONE has a long experience to justify his



belief that his supporters are as easily led by the nose as asses are; but it is just possible that he may find it does not answer to tempt the donkey alongside the shaft with a turnip, and then throw it away before he is harnessed.

#### "WHICH WILL YOU HAVE?"

WHAT are Conservatives and Liberal-Unionists doing to prevent the return of a Gladstonian majority? We do not mean what are they doing theoretically, but practically. Probably there are but few constituencies where the agent will not tell you that it is organized and ready for the contest. In some cases this is strictly and literally accurate; but in others such statements are made either from ignorant stupidity or deliberate falsehood. Without organization, winning of elections is impossible. Organization does not mean the formulating of schemes and plans, the accretion in the committee-room of masses of literature in the shape of pamphlets more or less inappropriate to the individual constituency concerned, and a large staff of clerks each of them zealously assisting his colleagues in doing nothing. Organization means a well-thought-out and carefully-prepared system of work to be done, and ready and willing workers to carry it out. We have touched upon this subject in a previous article; but the question of organization is so important that we must refer to it again. It is the individual voter who must work. If he can only afford a few hours' time, let him give those few hours, not to pleasant chat in a committee-room—which is not merely negative harm, but positive hindrance—but to useful practical work. We have known many a man who thinks he has done wonders when he has smoked a pipe with the agent; and should he have the good fortune to shake hands with the candidate, why, he at once makes himself happy in the full confidence that to him is, or ought to be, due the success of the election! These sort of electioneers are the curse of elections. They do no work themselves, and prevent others from working. They invariably have some scheme which alone can ensure success; they worry the candidate and agent to death, and not infrequently imperil the seat, if won, by their somewhat liberal interpretation of the Corrupt Practices Act. No. Quiet, steady, humdrum work is what is wanted, even such humble though useful work as sticking up envelopes. Canvassing, of course, is most important; but a canvasser must first make himself acquainted with the subjects about which he is going to talk to those whom he canvasses. If not, *Quis custodiet ipsos?* Again, men go to a committee-room to offer help, and sometimes are told that at the moment there is nothing for them to do. Well, what happens? Why, they go home, and generally fume at being, as they call it, made fools of. If it is a fact that when they offer their services there is no employment for them, instead of doing nothing they should go to another committee-room, and to another—yes, even to another constituency—until they find work. There is bound to be plenty for willing hands and heads to do, if only they will take the trouble to find it. Then there is another sort of election nuisance—the "Faddist." It may be that the specific form which the weakness of his intellect takes is that every man in London should wear a stove-pipe hat between the hours of 10 A.M. and 6 P.M., or some craze equally sensible, and for that nonsense which he hugs to his soul, he will do all that in him lies to oppose a candidate who will not promise to vote for an Act to compel the wearing of stove-pipe hats, utterly oblivious of the many beneficial enactments and the solid record of the Government of the party to which the candidate belongs.

So great is the issue of the election which is at our doors that all fads and personal fancies must be thrown to the winds, and each Conservative and Liberal-Unionist voter should cast his vote for the man who will support the policy of Her Majesty's present Government. What are stove-pipe hats compared with the unity of the Empire? What are our own personal littlenesses compared with the position of that Empire among the nations of the world? Look to it, each Conservative and each Liberal-Unionist. Let us have no apathy, no letting things slide. Let each man feel that at this crisis his vote may be the casting vote of the election in his constituency, and the result of that election may be, so to speak, the casting vote of the new Government. This is no time for dalliance—men must needs be up and doing.

Now, our candidates—what of them? It is their bounden duty to the men who are helping them, to whom they will owe their seat if successful—it is their bounden duty to spare no time, pains, or trouble during the election. Let them speak with no uncertain sound, let them use no ambiguous phrases; but let them speak fearlessly and plainly in support of those principles which they profess to hold. Let them make no vague promises for the future which they know they cannot fulfil—as do the Gladstonians—but let them point to the past, to the record of "performance" of the present Government. The candidate who tries to catch half a dozen votes by judicious trimming is not likely to land his fish; and if he does, for every fish he takes out of a nether man's water, he will lose two out of his own creel. He cannot please the legion of masters he tries to serve. Putting on one side the morality of the proceeding, "it doesn't pay." The very men who promise support to a trimming candidate are the first to despise him, and he never knows whether those for whom he trims really put their crosses against his name on the ballot-paper.

Are we going to return a Unionist Government again? Yes, certainly, if all Unionists mean business. No, certainly not, if our old traditional apathy still obtains. What can stir men up and wake them from their lethargy? What, if not the momentous issues that are now at stake? Let Unionists think of all the meanings of the two words "Gladstonian Government." Surely, if anything can dispel their political sleep, those words should give them political insomnia which no Gladstonian sedative, however pleasantly capsuled, can dispel.

To quote Mr. Balfour:—"There is the party which, if it comes into office, will have to govern Ireland, but which, when in Opposition, coquetted with crime in Ireland; and there is the party which has put down crime and disorder in Ireland, and which, in putting down crime and disorder, has saved the rights and liberties of the majority in that country. Which will you have?"

#### THE THEATRE IN POLAND.

THE Poles had so much tragedy in real life that they cared for none on the stage. It took refuge in regions peopled with the then immortal works of the great Polish poetical triad: Krasinski, Slowacki, and Mickiewicz; their plays could not be performed, but they resumed the most poignant of all tragedies: the sufferings of a whole nation. "My name is million, for I suffer for millions," says the hero in Mickiewicz's *Manes* (*Dziady*), and in this phrase we have the keynote to the Polish romanticism, so distinct from all others by its national *cachet*. Whilst the rest of Europe was looking for ideals in the remotest times of the middle ages, in the German gothic, in the Spanish romancero, in past civilizations, the Polish romanticism had its food in the anguish of the present.

Whilst Mickiewicz, Krasinski, and Slowacki fulfil their patriotic mission in appealing to the *élite* of the nation, another much more modest triad, Alexander Fredro, Stanislaw Boguslawski (son), and Joseph Korzeniowski, endeavours to react against the infatuation of the public, whose taste, vitiated by the foreign repertory, distrusts all Polish original works. This meant struggle with the official aversions, with the predilection of the spectator, and even with criticism. Fredro, the greatest, was the most attacked of the three; he is upbraided for being a descendant of Molière. Of course he is, and a lineal one too, and that is his greatest glory, for it makes him the Polish Molière, but a Pole and a Polish writer before all. His types are drawn, after Molière's manner, in great bold traits with fine simplicity. The plot, the *affabulation* have but little interest for him—sometimes he would do entirely without an intrigue, or supply its want by a series of astonishing unlikelihoods. All he cared for was to make his types human and alive, and to this day they live a life as intense and genuine as fifty years ago.

In the plays of Boguslawski (son) the satirical element prevails. An observer of a less wide range than Fredro, he presents characters of somewhat circumstantial aspect, and not free from the taint of sameness. Still there is an intimate connexion between the characteristics of his types and actuality; whilst his inexhaustible *verve*, coupled with uncommon scenic skill, attracts always a full house when-

ever any of his plays, such as *Lions and Lionesses* (*Lwy i Lwice*), are performed.

Korzeniowski is a half modern writer; his characters are already more complicated from the psychological point of view—interesting situations are of no small importance to the author who cares also very much about effects and begins the search after a thesis. In his comedy *The Jews* (*Zydzi*) he is the first to stir a burning question; in *The First-floor Window* (*Okno na pierwszym piętrze*) he does not draw back before the favourite theme of French writers—adultery; *The Carpathian Mountaineers* (*Karpaccy Górale*), a drama full of rugged poetry, is the first attempt to represent the lot of the people from the point of view of tragedy. The repertory of Korzeniowski is as varied as his talent was universal, and his dramas and comedies testify yet to-day to the vigour of this talent.

The history of the development of the theatre in Poland has a parallel in that of the various systems which ruled Poland after its dismemberment. After 1830 a chief commissioner of police was nominated to the head of the theatrical direction, and the only noteworthy point of his activity is the introduction of a quiet military discipline into his administration and the number of anecdotes connected with it.

The period after, under the direction of M. Sergius Moukhanoff, is the most brilliant and the most literary of the Polish stage. The excellent *troupe* was further strengthened by an array of first-rate talents. The drama wins a new adept in Leszczynski, in Rapacki—a character-part actor without rival—in Ostrowski and Szymanowski, both low comedians of undoubted capacity, and in Tatar-kiewicz, a sympathetic *jeune premier*. On the ladies' side: Mme. Modjeska (*Modrzejewska*), too well known to need eulogy; Mme. Bakalowicz, an artist of genius; Mlle. Popiel, the Polish Reichemberg; the pathetic Mme. Palinska; Mme. Rakiewicz, remarkable for her diction; and Mlle. Deryng, the nearest approach to Sarah Bernhardt.

It is easily imagined what the repertory gained from this ensemble of dramatic forces, whilst unusually favourable circumstances help to elevate this repertory to its utmost possibilities. M. Serge Moukhanoff, a very accomplished gentleman, animated by the best intentions, is helped and guided by his wife (Princess Marie Calergis, daughter of the Chancellor Nesselrode), a lady gifted with a rare artistic intuition, and the patroness and friend of all artists. The stage-manager is Jan Checinski, poet, writer, and actor, an ideal man to give a literary impulse to a repertory, and the favourite artiste, Mme. Modrzejewska, sighs after the great creations of Shakspeare, Schiller, Goethe, and Victor Hugo. All aspirations were realized, and there were moments when a performance made one think of the Lyceum, the Comédie Française, or the Burgtheater. In the demesne of production there is equally an unusual movement. Jean Checinski tries his hand at social problems in *Mind's Nobility* (*Szlachectwo duszy*), and, without leaving yet the forms of the classical trinity, leans towards the modern. Apollo Korzeniowski, author of *For Money's Sake* (*Dla milego grosza*), adds the biting note of the theme of "Cash v. Parchments," and we are on the eve of the democratic ideal, when the stage will be peopled with impeccable doctors, barristers, and engineers. The catastrophe of 1863 brings with its sorrowful shock not only the overturn of all social and political conditions of the country, but also a complete revolution in the minds of all. Tradition, history, poetry, are described as obsolete, as so much antiquated romanticism, and arraigned before a tribunal of a violent reaction. Rational science, the struggle for life, Darwin, Comte, and Spencer, are in every mouth. The "Positivists" and the "Idealists" start a violent controversy, which finds its echo in dramatic literature in a play by Joseph Narzyski, *The Positivists*. Here the serious results of social science are mixed with a pseudo-moral for the use of villains. Received with great enthusiasm at first, the play fell flat some time ago at a revival. The author, a man of great abilities, was wrong in raising a *question du jour* to the level of a literary production; a momentary question can interest only a momentary spectator. In the meantime Alexander Fredro finds a worthy successor in Joseph Blizinski. An exquisite artist and observer of great sagacity, he leaves aside the search for progress or the care of conservatism in art, and paints life such as it is, succeeding always happily in evolving the truth from cleverly managed contrasts. There are no doctrines in his

pieces, but living men; no sensational effects, but scenes of extreme simplicity; his laughter is grave, sometimes sad; his comedy leans often towards satire; but it is society, and not the individual, that he castigates. Blizinski is a thinker who does not ratiocinate, and a poet who does not sentimentalize. His masterpiece is *Mr. Damazy* (*Pan Damazy*), worthily flanked by two beautiful plays—*The Old Bachelor* (*Marcowy Kawaler*) and *Shipwrecked* (*Rozbitki*).

There is not a country where, for curious reasons, calumny is rife than in Poland. And the psychology of calumny is studied very happily, and in the most interesting manner, by Edward Lubowski in the majority of his plays:—*The Bats* (*Nietoperze*), *Arbitration* (*Sąd polubowny*), *Besieged* (*Oszaczony*), *Let us love one another* (*Kochajmy się*).

Sigismund Sarnecki is a writer with a predilection for psychological oddities, and some of his plays seem to be written under the obsession of a clever title, promising more than it performs. A great habitude of the theatre, and a certain poetic vein, supplement the want of invention; such is the case of *The Courtiers of Misfortune* (*Dworacy Niedoli*), *The Sunflower* (*Słonecznik*), *The Disinterested* (*Bezinteresowni*), where the interest of the action is sacrificed to the characteristic of types ranged in rather arbitrary psychological categories. *The Gold Fever* (*Febis Aurea*) is the best of his plays.

The vogue of Casimir Zalewski's plays is due greatly to his technical skill acquired by an intimate intercourse with French writers. Fertile in scenic combinations and in effectful situations, Zalewski has conquered his public with well-made plays, in which the interest of the plot is sometimes spiced with what is called the Aristophanesque trait. Whatever that may mean, it is hard to have it applied to modern reportage colporting gossips on the stage. Before the wedding (*Przed ślubem*), Paragraph 264, *Friebe, Our Sons-in-Law* (*Nasi zięciowie*), this is the literary luggage of Zalewski. His last play, *Mr. and Mrs. Apfel*, treats boldly the Jewish question, and seems to mark a turning-point in the author's career.

#### A CATALOGUE AND A MORAL.

WE have just laid down a catalogue—the *Catalogue of the late Right Hon. Earl of Dudley's Gallery of Pictures*—with a sigh. Why, we ask ourselves, should we only get beautifully illustrated catalogues of collections of pictures and works of art when they are about to be sold and dispersed? It is well known that some of the private English collections rank very high, if they are not the finest in the world; but, although their owners are, in most cases, very kind in allowing them to be seen by strangers, the English habit—an excellent habit, too—of using most of the reception rooms in a house for general purposes makes it more difficult to throw them open to the public than palaces in Italy, or certain other Continental countries, where the rooms on the first floor are seldom or never used, except on state occasions. For this and other reasons, few people know what great pictures are in the hands of private owners in this country, except their personal friends and acquaintances. Now, if illustrated catalogues could be obtained of the principal private collections, artists and amateurs would be informed on this point, or the study of the history of art would be materially furthered. On the question whether the publication of such a series ought to be a matter for public or private enterprise, we express no opinion at present; but we may say that we do not think that its promoters would find much difficulty in obtaining the consent of owners.

A better model for such catalogues than that before us could not be selected. In its illustrations, the touches of Mieris, of Murillo, of Crivelli, of Perugino, of Andrea del Sarto, and other masters, can be carefully studied, the trees and foregrounds of Hobbema can be compared with those of Ruysdael, the work of Perugino himself can be contrasted with the Peruginesque period of Raphael, the characteristics of the Florentine, Venetian, and German schools may be easily observed or explained to students, and amateurs have opportunities given them of forming their own opinions as to the question whether the individual pictures are, or are not, rightly ascribed. It is true that there are not many private collections of pictures so fine as the Dudley, but there are more than might be supposed within measurable distance of it; there are some, again, which are, perhaps,



even better, and if modern pictures be included, there are many which would have a larger general interest.

We are not entering at this moment into the question of the Dudley sale; that, perhaps, may be treated of at the proper time; we are only dealing now with the Catalogue issued by Messrs. Christie, Manson, & Woods, and we wish to pay a tribute to its exceeding honesty. For instance, in describing the large Crucifixion by Raphael, Passavant is quoted as mentioning "quelques parties qui par la faiblesse du dessin et du modelé, trahissent un peintre encore jeune et inexpérimenté." If a puff had been wished for, it would have been quite as easy to quote Kugler's Handbook, to the effect that it is one of the "first independent works by Raphael"; "entirely in Perugino's style, though already surpassing him in intelligence of expression"; and that "the child-like beauty of the St. John, and the deep, sacred grief of the Madonna, are given with indescribable intensity." Then it tells us candidly that another of the Raphaels, the Novar Raphael, used to be ascribed to Giulio Romano, when it belonged to Lord Gwydir; that the Filippino Lippi—"una giovine e bella donna di collo notabilmente lungo," as Vasari says of it—is attributed by Dr. Waagen to Pollajuolo; and that the Baldassare Peruzzi is ascribed by the same author to Prospero Fontana. A remarkably fine shutter of a triptych, "formerly attributed to J. van Eyck," is simply and modestly assigned to the "Early Netherlandish School."

We are not implying that the photographs, photogravures, or whatever they should technically be called, require a magnifying glass, when we say that in many of them the details come out to great advantage when submitted to that test. This is more especially the case with the angels' faces in the Fra Angelico, the illustrations from a missal, said to be by Andrea Mantegna, the Canaletto, and some of the Dutch pictures, including the aforesaid triptych door.

It is only fair to remember that the best pictures do not invariably make the best photographs, and in most collections one or two of the finest works might possibly be but indifferently represented in an illustrated catalogue; but one cannot expect to get everything one would wish for. Moreover, great improvements are being made in photography; blues and reds, which used to come out very badly, can be mastered now, and we are glad to see that Fra Angelico's work, which rarely could be photographed with success until lately, is very fairly represented here. Indeed, we have no fault whatever to find either with the Catalogue or its illustrations, except that, like nearly all its fellows, it tells us of the breaking up of a fine collection, whereas what we should like to see would be catalogues which told us that collections had been formed. Had we a fine collection of works of art, we should not only be proud that it should be made known by a good illustrated catalogue, but glad that, through such a convenient medium, it should become a source of pleasure and instruction to many who could not come to see it.

#### THE WEATHER.

APPARENTLY we have almost come to the end of the cold spell which has prevailed over Western Europe for the last ten days. We in these islands have not been the only sufferers; for in Paris the thermometer has been almost as low as in London, and it is only at the very end of the week that we have to welcome a general return of summer weather. The winds in England during the week have been generally north-westerly, as an area of low pressure has lain over the North Sea, and has only moved off to Sweden on Wednesday, June 22. Rain has been reported almost daily from most of the stations, the largest amounts being 0.75 in. at York on Sunday, and 0.45 in. at Parsonstown on Tuesday. On Wednesday night a more serious fall set in at the southern stations. Some thunderstorms have also occurred, but of no great intensity. Temperature has gradually crept up to nearly its normal height for the season. During the week there has been no day on which the thermometer has not shown 60° at least at some stations. On Tuesday 72° was recorded at Loughborough, and 70° at Cambridge and Paris, while on Wednesday morning 61° was recorded at 8 A.M. in London, and 64° at Cambridge, and 70° was again exceeded during the day. The night temperatures, too, have risen, and for the last three days have generally ranged above 50°

over the south-east of England. As to the Continent, over the whole area covered by our reports 80° has only twice been registered during the week, at Perpignan on Sunday and at Belfort on Wednesday. The deficiency of rain still prevails over there, for they have not received such showers as we have. Munich, however, reported nearly an inch of rain on Thursday, June 16. The sunshine record for last week has not been high. Guernsey comes out best with 65 per cent. of possible duration; then follow Douglas (Isle of Man) with 59, Llanduduo and Jersey with 58, Falmouth with 53, and Milford Haven with 50°.

#### CROSS-CUT SAWS.

SOME of the old forms of our commonest saws are pleasant enough:—That whiche cleuid by the bone myght not out of the flesshe. A pot may goo so long to water that at the laste it cometh to-broken hoom. Ther is none that stondeth so surely, but otherwhyhe he falleth or slydeth. Murdre abydeyth not hyd: it shal come out.

Catch an old bird with chaff; Put a pinch of salt on his tail, and so on. In the *Rauzat-us-Safa* legends, the retractile Joseph says to Zuleikha (Potiphar's wife): "Think not that thou wilt by means of these Satanic figments captivate the Peacock of the Merciful One."

The oddest of commentaries on the saintly quality—so St. Philip Neri called it—of making a virtue of necessity, is what Smollett from personal experience tells in the thirty-third chapter of *Roderick Random*, that the sailors called their queer grog "Necessity" at Carthage on 1741. By-the-bye, Panurge did not say that the one thing necessary is want of money.

Said Guzman de Alfarache to Le Cousin Pons and all poor diners-out: A trencher-fly is ever uneasy.

Hunger will break in through stone walls is the true meaning. The Persian is: Famine enters even through iron doors. And then think of Spence's Pope's story of a Lord Russell fox-hunting up and down for an appetite, and crying "Happy dog!" to the beggar who said he was famished with hunger. Whereupon kicks and halfpence, and feeding a man with a bit and a knock come into the mind; and *David Copperfield's* first waiter follows them with "I lives on broken wittles and I sleeps on the coals."

'Tis a long lane's got no turning. The coldest hour's before the dawn. When sorrow's highest, then remedy's highest. When bale is next, then bote is next. All which have their stronger contradictories, of which take but one: *Fortuna vitrea est; tum quum splendet frangitur*. Of course Felix Q. Potuit says on this that the only way is to quote Villon to her, and say: Vente, gresle, gelle! j'ay mon pain cuict! And a starker parallel might once have been quoted from the rough mouth of Middleton's *Lipsalve* (*Family of Love*, iii. 4).

"Who that is hardy," said Grymbert to the foxe, "th'aventure helpeth hym." Clement of Alexandria used "For him who toils, God helps." Aide-toi, etc., need not be written in full, but Dumas took down a little conversation which may here be reprinted. "À quoi la reine mère [Catherine de Médicis] répondit: 'Notre destinée est dans les mains de Dieu, mon fils.' À quoi Chicot, qui se tenait humble et contrit près de Henri III, ajouta tout bas: 'Aidons Dieu quand nous pouvons, sire!'"

Sterne's Maria's "God tempers the winds to the shorn lamb" appeared long ago in Herbert of Cherbury's *Jacula Prudentum* (where perhaps that false Yorick found it, for he didn't know too much French, even of Stratford-at-Ave) as "To a close shorne sheepe, God gives wind by measure"; and Lord Herbert must have translated this—for its form is not English—from the French proverb which Littré gives, "À brebis tondue, Dieu mesure le vent." This is also in Leroux (of 1786); but Cotgrave (1660) has it not, although he does give a right good answer to it in "Les mal-vestus devers le vent," just our "The weakest to the wall." But there are endless other French forms of Sterne's saw all over the place. In Henri Estienne's sixteenth-century *Premices* it occurs in the sentence: "Le Père éternel, dans sa bonté, mesure le froid à la brebis tondue"; and in Gabriel Meurier's *Thésor de sentences dorées*, same century, is given the saying:—

Il n'est pas toujours saison  
De tondre brebis et mouton.

Maria's fashion of putting it is generally given with "wind"

in the singular; but a pretty edition of Sterne in six small volumes (London, 1823) has "winds." Of course the sentiment, like most of its author's, is a mere bubble, classable with the other famous providence that causes navigable rivers to flow by large towns, or with Voltaire's dictum, absolutely Voltaire's, in *L'Histoire de Jenni*, chapter ix., where, writing of Mount Hecla, he rambles on: "car tous les grands volcans sont placés sur ces montagnes hideuses."

No man's a prophet in his own country (everyday version):—

Monachus in clauetro Non valet ova duo;  
Sed quando est extra, Bene valet triginta.

So Rabelais overset it.

The "unstable slightness" of Coriolanus to the Romans; the "Unstable as water, thou shalt not excel," of Jacob to Reuben, is also in the Confucian *Analecks* in the form, Inconstant in his virtue, he will be visited with disgrace. And not to make Meng-tse (Mencius) jealous, take from his *Doctrine of the Mean* a sort of pun upon one of our oldest sayings: He who advances with precipitation will retire with speed.

A burnt child dreads the fire. Once bit, twice shy. Chat échaudé craint l'eau froide. The Arabs say, He who's stung by a snake trembles at a string. And the Japanese way of putting it is: The defeated soldier runs from a shaking reed; "Ochi-musha wa susuki no hô ni ôdzuru" (fears the heads of the reeds).

It is just worth while to include Out of the frying-pan into the fire, and The cure is worse than the disease (which recalls the late Lord Derby's "I prefer the gout"), in order to mention the Chinese saw—Cutting the mountain in two to avoid the tiger. One might almost throw into the same odd lot the Ceylonese saying, I gave pepper and I got ginger; or the (West Indian!) Toko for yam, our own old Tit-for-tat; and the Middle-age, A Roland for an Oliver, which indeed might again lead us back to another Cingalese parallel—"Like Noya and Polonga."

And to wind up, there is a hackneyed Chinese proverb which does not exactly say "Tell me your company" and so forth, but runs: Meng-tse's mother chose a neighbourhood; which is not, after all, so unlike the Northern Farmer's saying. And, talking of canny old farmers, one might quote the *Book of St. Albans* (1486):—

Fer from thy kynnysmen kest thee,  
Wrath not thy neighbors next thee,  
In a goode corne cuntre threste thee,  
And sitte downe Robyn and reste thee.

Or, shall we make an end with an actuality? Like to like, quoth the Devil to the collier, when he was trying to cheat him in the dark.

#### MONEY MATTERS.

AT the end of last week the Buenos Ayres Correspondent of the *Standard* telegraphed that the Argentine President-elect was in favour of cutting down the interest upon the Debt to 2 per cent. for a while and suspending the Sinking Fund. The reduction was to take effect upon the 1886 Loan which, it will be recollected, was excluded from the Rothschild arrangement, the full interest at the rate of 5 per cent. having continued to be paid in gold; and it was to include the Funding Loan, which was created by the Rothschild arrangement—the coupons due upon that part of the Debt on which the payment of interest in cash was suspended being funded, and the bonds being secured upon the Customs duties. It seems incredible that Señor Saenz Peña can have made such a declaration as is attributed to him. He will not enter office for nearly four months; he can, therefore, have had no opportunity for informing himself properly of what the country can pay, and, of course, he has no responsible advisers to consult with. The London agents of the two Loans referred to have had no intimation that either the President-elect or any other responsible public man entertains the intention attributed to him. At the end of last week there was a fall in the two Loans, which continued on Monday; but on Tuesday there was a recovery, as the market came to the conclusion that the story must be a fabrication. In the meantime business in the Argentine Republic is steadily improving. At the worst of the crisis the premium on gold rose to 365 per cent.—that is to say, 4'65 paper dollars were worth no more than a

single gold dollar. But the premium has now fallen to 204 per cent., so that 3'4 paper dollars are now worth a gold dollar; practically, that is to say, the purchasing power of the paper dollar has risen about 30 per cent. from the worst. This means a very marked change for the better in the economic condition of the country. Confidence in the Government is reviving, industry is increasing and wealth is slowly growing. Of course, it is quite true that the depreciation of the paper money is still very great, the paper dollar being worth only about one-third of its nominal value, and, therefore, the investing public will do well not to be led away by the over-sanguine expectations that are now springing up. It will be a long time yet before Argentina quite recovers from the crisis it is passing through; and if there is a very quick rise in Argentine securities there is almost sure to be another fall attended by heavy losses. In the first place, the President-elect, as already stated, will not come into office for nearly four months. Then he will have to appoint a Cabinet, and with the assistance of his Ministers he will have to study the situation, to convince himself of what the country can pay, and to enter into negotiations for a definite settlement of the Debt. The *moratorium*, as it is called—that is to say, the suspension of interest payments—will last until the end of next year. There is no hurry, therefore, for settling, and it is probable that the negotiations will not even be begun until some time next year. What plan the President will put forward, or what will finally be adopted, no one can foresee. Therefore, so far as the Government loans, whether national, provincial, or municipal, and, still more, so far as the Cédulas are concerned, it is impossible to form any opinion of their value. Dealing in them, then, is pure speculation. They may be cheap or they may be dear at present quotations—nobody can say which. Industrial securities are somewhat different. The business of the country is reviving, and with it the earnings of all industrial Companies, especially railways, must increase. Furthermore, the fall in the gold premium has even now considerably improved the position of industrial Companies. They receive payment in paper, and, as the paper exchanges for more gold, the revenue of the railways augments quite irrespective of the growth of the traffic. But even as regards railways the investing public should be careful. The President-elect is still untried, and there may be political troubles yet in store. It will be well, therefore, for every one to exercise prudence and caution; but, while saying this, it is gratifying to be able to add that the country undoubtedly is recovering from the great crash of 1890.

During the week ended Wednesday night the Bank of England received from abroad 319,000*l.* in gold, and the metal is still arriving. It is also going to Paris and Berlin, and everything points, therefore, to a long continuance of exceedingly cheap money. The elections, no doubt, will cause some withdrawals of coin and notes, but the amount will not be very large, and at all events the withdrawals will be very temporary; in a very few weeks the money will again come back. On the other hand, it is not to be overlooked that the elections are checking business in every direction. Speculation is even more stagnant than it was, and though new issues are still coming out, they are not appearing so frequently as doubtless they would were it not for the elections. Lastly, there has been a revival of apprehension. During the week there has again been talk, we believe quite unfounded, of one of the Eastern banks, and a private banking Company in the City has closed its doors. It was a small affair, however, and was not what is generally understood to be a bank, though it did a certain kind of banking business. Still, its fall has had an effect in checking speculation.

The price of silver has fallen to 40*s.* per oz. There is hardly any demand for the Far East or for the Continent, and the London market is therefore under the influence of New York. A week or two since New York speculators were encouraged by the invitations to the International Conference, and by a hope that the two great political parties would adopt resolutions favourable to silver, to operate more freely in the market. Now, however, very little is expected from the Conference, and the resolutions adopted by both parties are too vague and mean too little to support speculation.

The stock markets have been, if possible, more stagnant this week than before. The near approach of the elections indisposes all operators to incur new risks. In the United



States, too, the holding of the Democratic Convention has had a similar influence. The hope that Mr. Cleveland would be nominated as candidate has fairly supported prices, but the uncertainty at the same time has prevented any increase in business. As stated above, too, early in the week there was a fall in Argentine securities generally. There has since, however, been a recovery, but still business in that department as well as in others is very quiet. Home Railway stocks have been well maintained, for the weekly traffic returns are surprisingly good. The exports, as our readers know, have been falling off ever since the Baring crisis; but it is clear that the home trade must be as large as ever, for practically the traffic receipts so far this year are equal to those of the corresponding period of last year. It is true that little decrease is to be looked for in the working expenses, and that there is certain to be an increase in the fixed charges. Therefore, most of the Companies will probably have to declare somewhat lower dividends than twelve months ago. But the falling off will not be great; and the evidence now afforded that the earning capacity of the railways has been so slightly affected by so serious a crisis naturally strengthens the credit of all the Companies and encourages investors to buy. The investor, however, should bear in mind that the circumstances of the several Companies differ in many respects. For example, during the current half-year there has been a general increase in passenger traffic, while there has been some falling off in goods traffic. Again, the North-Eastern, for instance, has suffered severely from the Durham strike, while the Scotch railways have actually increased their goods receipts, because their receipts compare with those of a period when they were adversely affected by special circumstances. While, however, most departments of our Stock Exchange have been very quiet during the week, the improvement in Paris has made further progress. It is understood now that the French Finance Minister is not yet prepared with his plan for the conversion of the Four and a Half, and that probably the operation will be put off till the autumn or the spring of next year; but that it will be attempted very soon every one is convinced. This, together with the assurance it gives that peace will be maintained, and with the extreme cheapness of money, is encouraging the great capitalists to operate more freely than they have been doing for the past two years. The greatest activity during the week has been in Spanish Bonds. In Berlin, however, there is fear of serious trouble in Russia, and Russian securities have fallen.

The most marked change in prices this week is in Bank of England stock, which closed on Thursday afternoon at 326, a fall compared with the preceding Thursday of as much as 11, the new arrangement with the Government being looked upon very unfavourably in the City. Consols and Indian Sterling have moved slightly, and there is not much change in Colonial stocks; some are  $\frac{1}{4}$  up and some  $\frac{1}{4}$  down. In Home Railway stocks, again, there is very little change except in Brighton A, which closed on Thursday at 159 $\frac{1}{2}$ , a rise compared with the preceding Thursday of 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ . In the American market speculation has almost ceased, and there is little change in prices. Dividend-paying shares, however, are generally higher. Louisville and Nashville, for instance, closed on Thursday at 74 $\frac{1}{2}$ , a rise compared with the preceding Thursday of 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ , and Lake Shore closed at 137 $\frac{1}{2}$ , a rise of  $\frac{1}{4}$ ; but Illinois Central closed at 104 $\frac{1}{2}$ , a fall of  $\frac{1}{2}$ . Argentine securities are all lower. Argentine Great Western Debentures closed on Thursday at 54-5, a fall compared with the preceding Thursday of 2; Buenos Ayres and Pacific Seven per Cent. Preference closed at 28-31, also a fall of 2; Buenos Ayres and Rosario Ordinary closed at 73-5, a fall of 1, and there is a similar fall in Buenos Ayres Great Southern and in Central Argentine, the former closing at 128-30 and the latter at 65-8. The Argentine Five per Cent. '86 Loan closed at 72 $\frac{1}{2}$ , a fall of as much as 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ , compared with the preceding Thursday, and the Funding Loan closed at 64 $\frac{1}{2}$ , a fall of 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ . Brazilian Four and a Half closed at 61, a fall of 4, on the report of revolution in Rio Grande; and the Greek Loan of 1884 closed at 78, a fall of 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ . Russian closed at 97 $\frac{1}{2}$ , a fall of  $\frac{1}{2}$ ; but there is a further advance in Spanish of as much as  $\frac{1}{4}$ ; they closed on Thursday at 67 $\frac{1}{4}$ .

#### SKIRT-DANCING.

SKIRT-DANCING, as a paying profession and a fashionable amusement, is one of the special products of this age. It has an interesting history. One may call it the happy offspring of a *mariage de convenance* between a rather worn-out aristocratic stock and a vigorous plebeian, whereby the former has been set, very literally, upon its legs again, and the latter has acquired much grace and refinement. This is not a mere figure of speech, but the sober truth, as we shall proceed to explain.

Twenty years ago there were two kinds of professional dancing, as widely sundered as the poles. One was of the court, the other of the gutter; one of high and ancient lineage, the other of obscure and servile origin, as Gibbon says about St. George; one belonged to the theatre and appealed to society, the other flourished at the music-hall and entertained its beery patrons. In other words, there was the classical dance of the Academy—the ballet—which came originally from Italy by way of France; and there was the clog-dance, which is believed to have originated in the factories of Lancashire. The modern skirt-dance, about which we all seem to have gone more or less crazy, is the result of a union between them; and the hand, or rather the foot, which brought them together was that of Mr. John D'Auban. This gentleman, an Englishman of French descent, is a dancer by nature and by choice. He was brought up by his father, a professor of the art, in the strictest sect of the Pharisees (so to speak)—that is to say, in the strict school of the Academy. But he happened to be a man of ideas, and early in life conceived the notion of turning his accomplishment to a better (pecuniary) purpose than could be done in the regular ballet. He saw that people without a title of his own capacity were making far more money by music-hall step-dancing than he could do in the orthodox style; and he determined to try his hand at the lower, but more lucrative, form of art. Having with much difficulty gained a reluctant consent from his father, he brought out, with the help of his sister, a song and dance sketch called *Ain't She Very Shy?* in which classical means were adapted to "grotesque" ends, and thus the modern school was begun.

The sketch caught on immediately, and ran for six years with great success. The superiority of the dancing to the old clog style was apparent to every one, and the new movements were freely copied by music-hall dancers. Presently Mr. D'Auban had pupils. At first these were ladies who had been trained for the ballet in the orthodox school, but had taken to the theatre, and wanted a freer style, more suitable to their acting parts and theatrical dress. Miss Kate Vaughan was the earliest, or one of the earliest, and in the opinion of many she remains unsurpassed, if not unequalled, to this day. Gradually the skirt-dancing school came into general favour. The Gaiety burlesques and the vogue of comic opera greatly stimulated the demand for it on the theatrical stage. The earliest exponents of the style were all, like Miss Kate Vaughan, ballet-trained; for instance, Miss Phyllis Broughton, Miss Sylvia Grey, Miss Letty Lind, Miss Alice Lethbridge, and others now well known to the public. More recently, however, the demand has been so great that many girls have taken up the business without any previous training. The famous Gaiety quartet belonged to this class. Miss Florence Levey, Miss Lilian Price, and Miss Mabel Love show what can be done by apt pupils in a very short space of time. At present, therefore, so far as the theatre is concerned, two sets of skirt-dancers may be distinguished—namely, those who have been originally ballet-taught, and those who have learnt the new style and that only.

Meantime the music-hall people had not been behindhand. They had already developed the clog-dance to a considerable extent before Mr. D'Auban introduced his more elegant innovations, and they were not slow to profit by the lesson. Music-hall dancers, it should be observed, go through no regular school. The best are born into the business; they are taught the rudiments as children, and partly develop their performance for themselves by native talent, and partly pick it up by seeing others. Such are Miss Lottie Collins and her sisters, the Miss Tilleyes, Miss Katie Seymour, Miss Katie Lawrence, and many others. The rest of them are practically self-taught from first to last. Less than twenty years ago all the dancing was done in "boys'" costume, and was of an elementary character. When the skirt came in with Mr. D'Auban's stage-pupils, the music-

hall dancers began to adopt it, and to borrow the more extended movements that accompanied it. To-day they fully hold their own with their more regularly trained rivals, who have lately challenged comparison by migrating to the halls in considerable numbers. The music-hall dancers proper have not the same grace and elegance, but they make up for it by the infusion of far more go and variety. Both styles have something to learn from each other, and so much the better; it is a guarantee of improvement. Altogether, then, it will be seen that there are three sorts of skirt-dancers before the public—those who have come down from the ballet, those who have come up from the clog, and those who are innocent of either. We shall not be so invidious as to decide on their respective merits; the public can—and does—pay its money and take its choice.

The historical connexion between the skirt and the academic dance has been quite recently completed by the attempt to adapt an entire ballet to the modern mode. The daughter, indeed, bids fair to eclipse the mother. This will seem sacrilege to the orthodox, who hold by great names; but when we look a little closer into the artistic relations of the two, we may find reasons for thinking otherwise. Probably none of those who remember Taglioni and the dancers of her day will admit that any modern efforts can for a moment be compared with theirs; nor are we disposed to maintain that they can. But that judgment applies quite as strongly to the modern ballet as to the skirt dance. If the latter is unclassical, the former is simply ugly. An attractive spectacle may be made of it by grouping and colouring, but the individual dance is a monstrosity. The same thing has happened to this art that once happened to singing. The real object has been lost sight of, and mere difficulties made an end in themselves. The aim of a modern *ballerina* is to compass strange feats of muscular endurance and acrobatic distortion. To stand for minutes together on the tip of one toe, and to gyrate the other leg in a circle at right angles to the body, may be *magnifique*, but it is not dancing. The effect is painful. The academic dance has, in short, been for some time a decadent art, and needed renovation by a return to nature, just as a worn-out family is rejuvenated by an infusion of peasant blood. Thus the analogy with which we started is justified. The skirt-dance, developed and perfected, may very well replace the older style with advantage; and it looks likely to do so. The elements of both are precisely the same, as a visit to Mr. D'Auban's studio will prove to any one. He will there show you the whole art and craft of the thing. There are the five positions or alphabet; the combination of two or more to make a word, the stringing of words together to make a sentence with the aid of the other movements, the exchange, pirouette, balance, &c. It is all purely classical; the only difference is that more freedom is allowed, and a less stereotyped rule followed. The result is purely classical, too, in perfectly competent hands. Of course, few dancers possess Mr. D'Auban's own consummate mastery of the craft; and few go through the training he has gone through. There lies the danger. As with singers, every one is in a hurry to get on the stage and make money. A dancer can be turned out in a twelvemonth, and many are. That is long enough for business—just at present—but it certainly is not for art. However, in this, as in other things, hard work is bound to tell in the end. Immaturity cannot command the market for long; and competition may be trusted to winnow out the best and make for improvement. On the whole, the new school seems to have a real future before it, beyond the mere craze of the hour.

#### RACING.

THOSE who journeyed up North for the Newcastle Gosforth Park Meeting were astonished to find that quite a deluge of rain had fallen; for we had left our home comparatively wanting rain, and had had only a few showers on Sunday. It is surprising how few South-country racing-men go to Gosforth Park. Much impressed as we were two years ago with its beauty and excellence, we were more than ever struck with it on this occasion. Certainly no more lovely day could possibly have been made than Tuesday. There was no dust, the rain had freshened the grass, the foliage, and the rhododendrons, and there was a delightful breeze and warm sunshine. To

those who, unfortunately for themselves, do not know Gosforth Park we will describe its charms. To begin with, the Stand and Club premises are made out of a magnificent house, and no grand stand that we have ever seen is nearly as comfortable. From this a grand view is obtained of the course, which is laid out in the Park of the aforesaid mansion. There is a perfectly straight mile, as good as can be, and a round course of nearly two miles. Imagine this in an English park, with pretty woods and a picturesque lake, with rhododendrons in profusion, and everything beautifully kept, and you will have an idea of Gosforth Park. There is certainly no racecourse in the world, as far as our experience goes, that for comfort, beauty, and excellence of its track equals Gosforth Park. It is all on a very large scale, and would take an enormous concourse to crowd the enclosures and paddocks. In this it somewhat resembles Gatwick, and also in the distance the winning-post is from the stand; but it is much easier to see a race well when the course is a bit further away than at most places. Proceedings began on Tuesday with a most exciting finish between Apostate and John Rose, who ran a dead heat for the Meldon Welter, with East Linton third; and then Mr. C. J. Cunningham's lengthy Castlereagh filly, Tibbie Shiels, cantered away with the Eleventh Gosforth Park Biennial from five opponents. Tibbie Shiels was not in the same disturbed state as she was when defeated at Manchester, and is evidently a very smart filly. Her owner informed us that the next engagement she would fulfil would be in the National Breeders' Produce Stakes at Sandown Second Summer Meeting on July 16. This is a very valuable stake of 5,000 sovs., and Tibbie Shiels gets a 10 lbs. breeding allowance. That smart old plater Ashton, liking the going, won the Blagdon Handicap very easily. We had forgotten to say that, despite the great rainfall, the course was really good going, being soft only on the lower side next the lake. The North Derby brought out a field of fifteen, this large number being due to the fact that there is no liability for starters. Cardrona, who had been sold during the morning to Mr. P. Buchanan, a Scotch supporter of I'Anson's stable, started favourite, though hard pressed in the price current by Mr. Wallace's St. Simon filly Sanctissima, whose first appearance it was with a silk jacket on. This filly cost 3,900 guineas under Messrs. Tattersall's hammer, and we conclude was amiss last season, as she missed many good engagements; here she ran like a stayer, but met her match in the almost unknown but well-backed Lauriscope, a very beautiful, neat colt by Hagioscope, out of Harriet Laws. This breeding should, indeed, produce a stayer, as Lauriscope evidently is. These lines are written before the Northumberland Plate, in which, we believe, he runs with his 12 lbs. penalty. The Stewards' Plate—one mile—gave us another most exciting race, as Mr. Gladstone's Dower got up in the last stride and beat Mr. Perkins's Riplington by a short head. Mr. Gladstone has long been in ill-health, and his stud of horses in training, brood mares, and foals, yearlings, &c., are to be sold off during the Second July week.

Wednesday was another charming day, after some three hours' heavy rain in the early morning, which made the going decidedly heavy. Racing began with the Queen's Plate, for which Alice was an odds-on favourite, with Collina second in demand. Lady Killer set a good pace to serve his stable-companion Collina, and soon after passing the Lake his mission was ended, and Collina went on from Alice. The last-named good mare, however, went up to the leader in the straight and won in a trot. The St. Oswald Welter, with eleven runners, was quite a success, and produced a most interesting race, Castleruby winning from Melibœus. Eight runners for the Northumberland Plate was not as many as we expected, but St. Benedict felt the effects of the hard going at Ascot and was lame from spavin, so Bates wisely determined not to run him. The race was run at a miserable pace for nearly two-thirds of the journey, when Sedge Chat took up the running from Newcourt; however, the latter was equal to the occasion, and, though in the straight Golden Drop momentarily looked as if he might win, Newcourt easily shook him off, and won in very easy fashion. His success, which we had foreseen, was popular, as W. I'Anson has not experienced the best of luck this year. Clarence never was in a good place, and either would not, or could not, go when asked—probably the old story. Ascot's cruel going was the cause of his bad show.



Next week we shall have what the stewards of the Jockey Club are pleased to call the First July Meeting, though it begins on June 28 and concludes on the last day of the month. The July meetings, we must confess, are amongst the very pleasantest of the whole year. Newmarket possesses a charm of its own, and, providing that the weather is summer-like, a stroll on to the training-grounds before breakfast is most enjoyable. After breakfast we have the yearling sales to amuse and interest us, and the afternoon is spent on that delightful course beyond "The Ditch," known as the July Course. On the first day the Dullingham Stakes, over the Ellesmere Stakes Course, one mile and three furlongs, is an interesting race, and has thirty-seven subscribers. From its penalties and allowances it almost becomes a handicap—indeed, it takes some time to calculate the weights. Versailles, who ran such a good race with May Duke at Ascot, here gets an allowance of 8 lbs., which must give him a good chance. The July Stakes, as a rule, brings out a good field of two-year-olds, and on this occasion, from its sixty-five subscribers, we may look forward to a pretty race. Bill of Portland did not run at Ascot, and has probably been kept for this engagement, and if he and Milford were to meet, with some highly-tried dark ones, we should have a most exciting contest. The Duke of Westminster has a colt named Joyful, by Galopin out of Farewell, asserted by rumour to be a regular flyer. It will, however, take something very smart to beat the public performers, and as we were not altogether very favourably impressed with Milford at Ascot, we shall expect to see Bill of Portland win. The Stewards of the Jockey Club have launched out into a novelty, by having two handicaps made by three persons, and taking the average of their work. It is an experiment; but the productions seem to be satisfactory. It seems to us a good idea; for an owner cannot complain to the handicapper, as, we are sorry to say, is sometimes the case, and nothing could really be fairer than to strike an average, providing, of course, that the persons who make the handicaps are well up to their work. We may see Suspender out in the Bunbury Plate on the second day, in which case we should not look further for the winner. The Exeter Stakes does not contain the names of any of the top-sawyers amongst the two-year-olds, and possibly Lord Ellesmere's neat colt Phocion may be equal to crediting his owner with this stake. The Stud Produce Stakes is another good two-year-old race on this day, and we may see the handsome Royal Mask to the fore, providing that he has not suffered from his race at Ascot. He is such a heavy colt, that it seems a pity to run him on such hard ground; but he showed speed, and will doubtless win races, if he does not do so on this occasion. The Fulbourne Stakes on this day is another two-year-old race that will have been discounted by previous running, as Bill of Portland appears in the entries. La Belle Siffleuse will probably run, and may improve on her first performance at Manchester.

#### THE OPERA.

A GOOD many blunders and errors, both of omission and commission, can be forgiven the management of the opera at Covent Garden Theatre for the sake of an admirable performance of Wagner's *Siegfried*. If we were inclined to cavil, it might be said that the performance showed how much more artistic a result can be obtained by the company of a German provincial theatre than by an "Unprecedented Combination of the First Musical Talent of Europe," gathered together indiscriminately for a few weeks' season of Italian and French opera in London; but it is a more agreeable task to recognize that, in engaging the Hamburg company and orchestra to give a series of Wagnerian performances, Sir Augustus Harris has found a worthy field for his enterprise, and one which will do him more credit than any other of his experiments as an impresario. With a vivid recollection before us of the *Nibelungen* cycle at Her Majesty's in 1882, and of the far finer series of performances at Munich two years later, it can be stated that the production of *Siegfried* was fully equal in general efficiency of detail and ensemble to either. Exception has been taken to the performance of the third work of the Trilogy out of its proper order; but this proceeding, though for some reasons to be regretted, can plead in its favour the authority of Wagner himself, who produced both *Das*

*Rheingold* and *Die Walküre* at Munich before the rest of the colossal work was completed. *Siegfried*, in some respects, may be regarded as the scherzo of the *Nibelungen* Trilogy. Though not so overwhelming in dramatic force as either *Die Walküre* or *Götterdämmerung*, it contains some of the loveliest music in the whole work, and is more free from those dreary episodes which even the keenest disciples of the Bayreuth master must admit are to be found in the other parts of the Trilogy. For this reason it forms an appropriate *hors d'œuvre* to whet the appetite of the general public, besides affording an opportunity for the principal tenor of the troupe to establish himself as a favourite, so that its selection for the initial performance of the series has been made with a good deal of worldly wisdom. Herr Alvary, who appeared as the hero, is known to English amateurs by his performances at Bayreuth last summer. His conception of the part is rather wanting in the overflowing animal spirits which have always been a feature with his predecessors. His singing also was deficient in fire, especially in the more dramatic situations; though throughout the second act his performance was quite excellent, and in appearance he is an almost ideal representative of the character. Herr Grengg, who takes the part of Wotan, has a very fine voice, and is duly impressive in his declamation. But the best performance of the evening was the Mime of Herr Lieban, whose singing and acting were of the highest merit. The part is associated with the name of Herr Schlosser; but Herr Lieban has a better voice and is a better singer than that excellent artist, while as an actor he displayed equal, if not superior, talent. In *Siegfried* Brünnhilde only appears in the last scene, and Frau Rosa Sucher, though extremely fine, was rather nervous, and hardly did herself full justice, though her performance was thoroughly artistic. The Erda of Fräulein Heink showed that she has a contralto voice of good quality, and the Alberich of Herr Lorent and the Fafner of Herr Wiegand were fully up to the standard of excellence of the rest of the company. Fräulein Traubmann, who sang the part of the Bird, could not make us forget the impression Frau Lili Lehmann created in it at Munich. The opera was well mounted, and the scenery was picturesque. The Dragon, as usual, was a very poor creature, in appearance something between a moth-eaten cow and a rabid sky-terrier. Sir Augustus Harris, who won his spurs by his pantomimes at Drury Lane, might well turn his ingenuity to account by inventing a really effective stage-dragon for *Siegfried*. The orchestra, though in some respects deficient in tone, played throughout with delicacy. Herr Mahler, the conductor, adopts the foreign plan of standing in the middle of his band, and to his excellent beat and evident capacity must be attributed much of the very marked success of the performance.

By way of wholesome corrective to the pleasure given by the performance of *Siegfried* on Wednesday, the Italian version of Mr. De Lara's *Light of Asia* was produced on the following Saturday. There is no necessity to linger over this work. All that can be said in its favour is that it is better than could have been expected from Mr. De Lara's previous record.

There is probably no work on the lyrical stage a performance of which is more difficult to review dispassionately than Wagner's *Tristan und Isolde*, the second of the series of German operas chosen for production this season at Covent Garden. It appeals equally to the musician by its extraordinary complex structure and wonderful orchestral colouring as to the ordinary theatre-goer by its intense tragedy and dramatic effectiveness. The combination of these two elements makes the mere act of witnessing its performance so exciting that the critic is apt to forget the performers, and to be lost in admiration of the masterpiece performed. Candidly considered, the performance at Covent Garden on Wednesday week, and the repetition of the work on Saturday at Drury Lane, cannot be said to be either up to the mark of the performance of *Siegfried*, or indeed as good as when *Tristan* was played at the same houses in 1882 and 1884. Yet, in spite of obvious defects, no one would grudge the applause from all parts of the house which on both occasions greeted the end of every act. The Isolde of Frau Sucher remains an unrivalled impersonation; vocally and dramatically, it is impossible to imagine a finer representative of the character. Her voice, though she has been singing the part frequently for more than ten years, shows no signs of wear, and the dignity and passion of her acting are such as must be seen to be realized. On Saturday Frau Sucher—who has, unfortunately, been re-

called to Berlin—was replaced by Frau Ende Andriessen, a soprano who has sung at Leipzig and Cologne, and took the part of Brangäne at one of the Bayreuth Festivals. Though a meritorious artist, she has not the genius of Frau Sucher; her acting in the first act was wanting in dignity, and her voice is not sufficiently strong to last throughout the very exacting rôle of Isolde. She was best in the great love-scene in the second act; but in the final "Liebes-Tod" she failed to produce much impression. The Tristan of Herr Alvary remains what it was last year at Bayreuth. Dramatically, he is cold and self-conscious, while vocally the want of colour and tone in his voice makes his delivery of *piano* passages sound as if they were spoken. In the very trying last act he is far better than in the rest of the opera, and the half-delirious ravings of the dying Tristan are given with much force and effect. The orchestra on Wednesday was rather rough, especially in the brass, and the chorus was decidedly shaky; but on Saturday both these defects were to a great extent remedied. The stage-lighting of the second act—which at Covent Garden produced the singular phenomenon of a patch of moonlight on the ground while the tops of the trees were in sunlight—was also much better at Drury Lane. In spite of these small blemishes, the general earnestness and intelligence of the performance deserves all praise; even if the *ensemble* were less good than it is, the performance would be worthy of the success that it has achieved.

#### LA STATUE DU COMMANDEUR.

ONE was led to hope, after the failures that followed the brilliant run of *L'Enfant Prodigue*, that, under Mr. Charles Lauri's auspices, we should be treated to another pantomime equally successful. For to surpass it was impossible. As far as subject is concerned in *La Statue du Commandeur* (or, to give it the superfluous sub-title in the programme, *Don Juan up to date*) there is nothing to complain of. The story of the stone guest is familiar to every one, even to those who are unacquainted with Molière's play, or Mozart's version of the legend. All absence of obscurity is a merit it shares with its incomparable predecessor. For in a gesture-play there must be no abstruseness, or, at all events, no psychology or symbolism that is not perfectly patent to the highest intelligence in the pit or the lowest intelligence in the stalls. And it would be a sheer platitude to insist that only very competent and highly trained actors could possibly render such a performance satisfactory. Messrs. Pendel and Margin, the inventors of the piece, have rightly realized the importance of simplicity in choosing a plot, and there are few alterations that we could suggest, unless it be the exclusion of pages and men-at-arms from the scene. But they have not been wholly fortunate in their interpreters.

In Act i. (the Invitation) the scene is laid in a market-place, where stands the statue of the Commander whom Don Juan had killed in a duel. Don Juan and Sganarelle his servant (the Leporello of Mozart), and some friends, are serenading Rosaura, a singer, and Sylvia, a dancer, whose houses are conveniently and theatrically situated at the back and one side of the stage respectively; while the palace of Don Juan occupies the other side. Both ladies accept an invitation to supper, and the Don, whom we learn from the "Argument" is "in a daring, reckless humour" (though we should never have suspected the circumstance from M. Burguet's lugubrious performance), invites the Statue to the banquet. Much to the alarm of Sganarelle and the others, the invitation is accepted. In Act ii. (Intoxication) we have the banquet, and here there is an opportunity for M. Courtès, whose excellent performance of Pierrot Père is still fresh in every one's mind. As Sganarelle he has hardly the same scope for his great talents; but he certainly makes the most of his part. His directions to the servants and musicians were humorously given, and his powers of gesture, acting, and facial expression were never more apparent. Nor had he the advantage of a powdered face, so that his achievement is the more remarkable. The honours, however, fell to M. Tarride, who personates the statue with exquisite humour and completeness. His impressive entrance to the feast was calculated to strike terror in the hearts of the revellers. This scene saves the piece, and is alone worth a visit to the Prince of Wales' Theatre.

The Statue at first refuses in a dignified manner all hospitality, and here the useful little "Argument" again reminds us "that the reckless humour of Don Juan at length prevails," together with the blandishments of the ladies. The helmet and cloak of the Statue are removed, and a wreath of roses takes their place. He becomes violently intoxicated, and joins in a dance. In banging his hand on a table he breaks one of his stone fingers. The whole scene is most laughable. Even the limpness of M. Burguet's Don Juan was unable to spoil the effect of M. Tarride's acting. M. Burguet seems to have no conception of the swagger and boasting usually associated with the Spanish libertine; nor does he understand the essential qualities of a gesture-play—that every movement must have a meaning, and that the meaning must be perfectly obvious. Our own Mr. Arthur Roberts, though he might have introduced a too boisterous spirit of burlesque to be suitable for the part, would have made a more satisfactory Don Juan. In Act. iii. (Expiation) the scene changes to the market-place. The inhabitants express mild and restrained surprise at finding the Statue gone from his pedestal; and when they see him reel out of Don Juan's palace, crowned with roses, they all look as if they rather expected it. After a fruitless attempt to regain his place, the Statue sits down and meditates. Don Juan and the revellers appear, and restore his helmet and cloak. The effect is instantaneous; and the Statue regains his senses and his dignity when, after strangling Don Juan, he returns to the pedestal, and resumes his normal condition.

The music of M. Adolphe David excites neither praise nor blame. It had the merit of having borrowed little or nothing from Mozart. The gestures seldom had their counterpart in the score—an indispensable quality of descriptive music. But M. Tarride, as the Statue, makes up for every deficiency; nor must we omit to mention the performance of Mlle. Litini as Sylvia, rendered with exceptional style and intelligence.

## REVIEWS.

### HISTORY FROM THE NEWSPAPERS.\*

THERE are many ways of writing history, and Mr. Clayden's, perhaps, is not the worst. The method, we take it, is this:—At the commencement of a new Parliament the intending historian, being, it should be premised, a political expert and professional commentator on politics, begins to keep a regular and rather full diary of political events; he "writes it up" with religious punctuality; he revises its criticisms and prognostications, perhaps, from time to time, but certainly at the end of the Parliamentary period, by the light of the events which have occurred subsequently to the entries embodying them; he inserts whatever other appropriate observations may occur to him; he adds a title which, without too militantly accosting a reader of opposite opinions, may yet serve to indicate those of the author; and, selecting the psychological moment for publication, on the eve of a General Election, he launches his volume upon the world. We cannot take upon ourselves, of course, to affirm, as a matter within our own knowledge, that this is the way in which *England under the Coalition* was in fact written; but we can undertake to say that, if it was not so written, it was not written in what would have been the easiest way. For there is nothing in the narrative of a six years' administration which a capable journalist could not have put into it by the simple but much more tedious process of going through his own newspaper contributions for the last six years with the scissors and paste. The book itself might have lost nothing by being put together in that way; but, as the author would have lost all the time and trouble of the hunt, we think it not very hazardous to assume that, as a thrifty and methodical publicist, he adopted the wiser course of keeping his political diary regularly posted up.

This kind of history-writing has the drawbacks of its advantages. There is a certain freshness of impression about the record of each week's or month's political events that serves to stimulate the reader. An uneventful half-century treated in this style might in the end produce on him the fatal effect ascribed by Dr. Johnson to the practice of reading Richardson "for the story"; but when the period covered is short, and the course of events, as in the present instance, exceptionally dramatic, the method is well

\* *England under the Coalition: the Political History of Great Britain and Ireland from the General Election of 1885 to May 1892.* By F. W. Clayden. London: Fisher Unwin.



enough. Its main demerit consists, as might be expected, in a certain lack of proportion. Incidents of very unequal importance which happen to occur on different days must often of necessity have a certain journalistic equivalence; and without a more serious revision than Mr. Clayden has exercised—or perhaps than it is possible to exercise without re-writing the whole book—their true relations to each other are apt to become distorted. Thus to cite but one example of this, the reader will find more “great” speeches quoted, and more contributions to Parliamentary discussion recorded as powerful, or vigorous, or able, or eloquent, or what not, than memory recalls, or, indeed, than later examination recognizes. No doubt, they were all of them powerful, vigorous, able, eloquent, and all the rest of it, on the days when they were delivered; but after the lapse of a few years it might have been better to expunge the laudatory adjectives attached to them, if not, indeed, the orations themselves. Only where the word or the thing is so remarkable as to deserve perpetual commemoration—as, for instance, in the statement on p. 53 that Mr. Edmund Robertson “made a lively speech,” or (p. 57) that at the famous Unionist meeting at Her Majesty’s Theatre Lord Hartington, who is not a member of that illustrious order, was “adorned with the riband of the Garter”—does one feel this record of them to be necessary or appropriate.

Mr. Clayden, as is known to people who are in the way to know such things, is an ardent Gladstonian, and *England under the Coalition* is, of course, written from the ardently Gladstonian point of view. To him the six years’ rule of Lord Salisbury’s Administration represents, as it were, a mere momentary triumph, permitted for inscrutable purposes, of the Evil Principle in politics. A writer who holds such a view as that, be he never so moderate and urbane in his mode of expression, can hardly avoid irritating us “children of darkness” by occasional glimpses of those complacent convictions which he does not obtrude. Nobody—except, perhaps, Long John Silver—ever yet felt quite at his ease in the presence of one who regards him as so completely reprobate as the enemies of Mr. Gladstone appear to Mr. Clayden. It is all the more to Mr. Clayden’s credit that he does not hold all means to be lawful with the infidel, but tells his story with scrupulous fairness and accuracy as regards all the facts which he admits into it, and does not shirk any more of those facts than political human nature may be readily forgiven for evading. We have tried him with more than one crucial test of the party historian, and he stands them very well. The history of the Special Commission and the Pigott forgeries, of the ex-communication of Mr. Parnell by Mr. Gladstone, and of the split in the Home Rule party which followed upon that pontifical act, is related with creditable fulness and freedom from bias, though in the two last cases there are noticeable omissions. Mr. Clayden may hold, perhaps, that he has no direct concern with the behaviour of the Irish bishops and priests in this affair of the Divorce Court; but it is more than a little misleading to abstain from all reference to their prolonged silence after the Leinster Hall meeting, and to remark merely that they “joined in the repudiation of a leader tainted with the grossest domestic treachery.” And in his desire to give the “true and reasonable answer to the silly blame cast by some hotheaded persons on the Liberal leader for allowing a week to elapse before making any sign,” Mr. Clayden should not have, in effect, given us the tragedy of *Hamlet* with that “metaphysical” conscience of the Nonconformist altogether omitted. Nevertheless, with those deductions which every well-informed and sensible reader can make for himself, *England under the Coalition* is a useful manual of recent political history.

#### NOVELS.\*

MR. BARRY PAIN is a writer who has the faculty of interesting his reader—up to a certain point, at all events. The volume of collected stories illustrates his style and methods so well, and so far typifies his work, that we may fairly take it as an evidence of his intellectual scope. As, however, he is a young writer, it may be taken for granted that it bespeaks promise rather than records completion. The subjects of this volume are what certain users of words call “weird,” and one and all, including the Interludes, are treated in an odd manner, which

implies large faith, deep study, and a satisfaction with clues rather than finished thoughts on the part of the reader. When Mr. Barry Pain does bigger work—work bolder, more definite, more human—his place among men of letters can be more easily fixed than by this book. There are, in all, seventeen stories, of which nine are complete, the two others being linked, one in three sections and the other in five. Most, if not all, of them have lately appeared in various magazines. There is through all a sub-acid flavour—a sort of melancholy, with a purpose which takes even the facts as given out of the region of reality. Thus, the pretty story, or episode, or study—whatever it may be—“The Magic Morning,” though dealing with a young City man and his wife, has that atmosphere of far-away dreaminess which is so charming in some of Nathaniel Hawthorne’s short stories. The young husband and wife have had a tiff of the usual young-husband-and-wife order, and the reconciliation comes without formality—as it does to young husbands and wives—and quite in the natural order of things; but the joyousness of the whole surrounding, the bright atmosphere which seems to be the outward and visible sign of the happiness of the two hearts relieved from their weight of despondency, is so well brought before us that we feel quite grateful to the writer for his charming fancy. “The Glass of Supremé Moments” is of a more ambitious type. It is a sort of vision of death seen by a young student, and has throughout it cryptic meanings. It is gracefully and imaginatively written, and leaves behind it the ineffable charm of thought. In “Exchange” and “When that Sweet Child lay Dead” there is something of the same style of writing; but the consideration of these sketches involves the acceptance of some branch at least of pantheistic philosophy, and so their power and scope are proportionately diminished. “Jadis” and “Two Poets” are studies of a more *fin-de-siècle* type; they have at base a certain weariness of the world, or of a bitterness which, though not unpleasant, is certainly not hopeful. The collection of enigmatical stories, “White Nights,” bound into one by a living commentary in the person of the story-teller, the King’s Fool, gives much food for thought, and shows in the writer imagination of a high order. The stories themselves, it is true, are not much, and their setting is of an order made commonplace by countless generations of nursery conceits; but through all we can distinguish a mind of no common order, and of which in the future much may be expected. The Interludes are some half-dozen sets of verses set in the same strain as the prose, only perhaps “more so.” The titles speak for themselves—“A Man and a God,” “The Devil’s Auction,” “The Rat and the Devil,” “Ainigmata,” &c. The first verse of the latter has distinctly a sort of wild imaginative force:—

I wanted the sweep of the wild wet weather,  
The wind’s long lash and the rain’s free fall,  
The toss of the trees as they swayed together,  
The measureless grey that was over them all;  
Whose roar speaks more than a language spoken,  
Wordless and wonderful, cry on cry;  
The sob of an earth that is vexed and broken,  
The answering sob of a broken sky.

There are novels which are manifestly the simple and sincere outcome of that intellectual creativeness which we call genius, and which finds its expression, as it would almost appear, by as natural a process as that by which upland waters find their way to the sea. There is again the novel which is, in the first place, a work of art in which are used the experience, the aspirations, and the memory of the author. This is often to be found in a writer’s later works. Then, again, there is the novel for whose existence a third person can find no intelligible cause. *That Wild Wheel* does not belong to either of the two former classes. It begins mildly, ends feebly, and has no salient middle. The story goes on and on in a most proper manner, just as we lead our lives from day to day unbroken save by the trivial incidents that have a merely personal bearing. It concerns quite a number of persons brought together in that peculiarly ring-fence manner which is not always an evidence of genius, and which leads the reader to think that the entire population of the earth is comprised in the dramatic persons. It would be otherwise too exhausting an intellectual process to imagine such a fortuitous concourse of atoms as would lead every one into his proper place at the proper time. Not only, however, are there a large number of principals in the story, but each change of scene, especially in the earlier volumes, necessitates the introduction of a number of casual characters, all of whom are described with minute physiognomical and sartorial exactness. This is embarrassing always to a reader who never knows on whom or what to concentrate his memory, and has, consequently, to run a risk of burdening his mind with unnecessary or unimportant details, or to lose sight of something which may afterwards turn out to be a vital detail in the development of the plot or story. It will be a good day when the

\* *Stories and Interludes*. By Barry Pain. 1 vol. London: Henry & Co. 1892.

*That Wild Wheel*. By Frances Eleanor Trollope. 3 vols. London: Richard Bentley & Son. 1892.

*Jem Peterkin’s Daughter*. An Antipodean Novel. By W. B. Churchward. 3 vols. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 1892.

*Wastover’s Ward*. By Algernon Ridgway. 3 vols. London: Richard Bentley & Son. 1892.

*The King’s Favourite*. By U. A. Taylor. 2 vols. London: Methuen & Co. 1892.

average novelist will remember that, as there must be many "supposes"—as the children say—it is well to take it for granted that the reader will "suppose" for himself at the right time as to the minor adjuncts of time and place. It is too often a habit of authors who write on and on to pad their stories with suggestions of eccentric character, chiefly of a class outside that in which their own life has been passed. Thus it is that in the purveyor of intellectual pabulum for the servants' hall dukes and marquesses are steeped in unutterable villany—except in those matters of deportment and social frigidity which come under the eyes of those serving at table; and thus, also, it is to writers of the "respectable" classes that the inefficiency of artistic adornment or the paucity of "art at home" is only an evidence of the native vulgarity which rules within. Miss Trollope distinguishes the Hughes family in her story by allowing them a high-souled dignity which is denied to all the rest of their class; but the very exception, whilst it emphasizes the merit of the individuals, shows out the meanness of the others in extra strong relief. The story is prettily told, and there is throughout nothing to offend. Even the morbid and highly educated susceptibilities of the "young person" cannot on this occasion receive their accustomed shock. There are plenty of bright and thoughtful passages, often of an epigrammatic kind, such as the following:—"Many of our motives work in the dark like moles; and we should often be unfeignedly surprised to behold their ugliness suddenly illuminated," or "I wonder why people are so often ashamed of going to sleep? It's the most innocent thing a great many men do in the whole course of the twenty-four hours." The scenes of the love-making of Gilbert and Barbara and of the death of Claude are told with pathos and much natural feeling.

Jem Peterkin was originally a foremast hand in a whaler, and having settled in New Zealand took to wife a Maori lady in the days of simplicity of costume of that race. One daughter was the fruit of that union, and was naturally endowed with every fine quality—physical, mental, and moral—of both races. Jem had made money, and had advanced until he had become a power in the land, being both trusted by the whites and revered as a "tabu" chief by the natives, as allied with them in blood. The daughter had been sent to be "finished" in Europe, and when the story opens was the charming centre of a charmingly picturesque home close to Auckland. If the quasi-chronicles of the house of Peterkin be correct, both Jemima's father and mother had kept pace in the requirements of fashionable life with their growing fortunes, especially the lady, who spoke with ease and finish the language of her adopted race, and did not ever fail to convey the nicest subtleties of the most complex thoughts necessitating the minutest knowledge of high education. This is all the more remarkable as in time the old lady proved not to have forgotten her primal instincts; for when her husband had been murdered, she took on herself the purpose of revenge, and in pursuit of her blood feud donned again her pristine garments, and actually carried out with her own hands her lethal purpose on the throat of her victim. Jemima is sought in marriage by two officers of the regiment quartered close by. One of them is an exaggerated specimen of the black-avised villain of the play, who, overcome with the rudeness of his brother officers, who (in books) habitually indulge in such horseplay, and exasperated by the refusal of his suit, tries to murder Jemima, and actually murders her father, and, becoming a traitor to his nation and his cloth, joins the Maoris against their foes. The favoured lover is one Jack Brett, a hero of the usual muscular and debonair pattern. He does not seem to deserve the good fortune which comes to him in various ways, finishing up with his marriage to the beautiful half-bred heiress; but fortune is ever a most illogical jade, who showers benefits where they are least deserved. There is a long record of marching and countermarching amongst the hills and villages of primeval New Zealand, and slender accounts of fighting in its various forms, from premeditated assaults on a large scale to night attacks and defences in burning huts. There is much tall-talk of the poetic kind by Maoris to their friends and enemies; and throughout there appears to be nobody who is incapable of uttering the thoughts which arise within him in the most exhaustive manner. The book is not so much a novel, according to the commonly received idea of a work of the kind, as it is a story which runs its own course, capable of being arrested at any moment, and closed definitely within the narrow confines of a page. There are some excellent descriptions of New Zealand scenery, and throughout the author seems to have kept his eyes open for picturesque effects. The novelty of the situation and surroundings gives a special charm to the story which it would hardly possess if it were given as taking place in better known localities. As the work is printed in Holland, it may be as well to note that, though the actual details of the printing are all

right, the main features of it are all wrong. The lines are too long, and are too heavily leaded for the size of the type used. This may be for the purpose of consolidating the work later on into a single volume; but the effect is unpleasant to the reader of the book in its present form.

The unities of *Westover's Ward* are elastic, action ranging over a portion of two generations and the American continent generally from Denver to Virginia. The author has a manifest knowledge of the places described, even if his intimacy with the types represented can be questioned, and the descriptions of place and scene are now and again drawn with vigour and picturesque appreciation. The story is a somewhat slim one to submit to the cruelty of three-volume development. In the wilds of Colorado two Virginian fortune-seeking gentlemen—Meade Westover and Clayborne Harrison—have by force of accidental circumstances thrust upon them the practical guardianship of a young woman of a somewhat embarrassing type. Angela Prentiss, daughter of a pervert to Mormonism, and wife of a dare-devil Mexican scamp and gambler, is but a girl—a girl gifted with exceeding beauty of the Venus order, a voice of natural power, and a tendency to bad grammar which is heroic in its proportions. She runs away from her husband and joins a comic-opera troupe, where the usual perils at once begin to environ her, mainly personified by a libertine millionaire senator. From such perils she is shielded by the two Virginians, and when in the nick of time Prentiss is killed in a mining disaster, Westover, who is throughout described as a sort of diluted Don Quixote up-to-date, marries her—though not in love with her—as the only real means of shielding her from harm. How her natural pleasure-loving character and invertebrate purpose lead her into more peril, resulting in the death of her husband, is told at a length which seems undue. The third volume of the novel brings in a completely new set of characters, locality, and atmosphere from the preceding two; for Angela Westover is transferred to the absolutely different surroundings of her husband's old-fashioned Virginian home. The idea of the half-fledged, variety actress, absolutely ignorant of etiquette and the various requirements of older civilization, in the very home of antique prejudice where things remain as far as possible as they were "befo' de wah," is quite a good one, and might have lent itself to a delightful treatment. But somehow it does not interest; the story has by this time lost its go, and the reader is not prepared to, and does not care to, enter into the ideas and aspirations of a whole new series of characters. This is a pity, as some of the characters sketched out—or, rather, suggested—are not without interest, and are sufficiently true and individual to be worthy of more extended notice. For instance, Meade Westover's sister Gay is an attractive creature, winning and womanly and strong, quite a female type of her brother, and it is a little hard of the author to bring on the scene at the last a possible mate for her—one Block—endowed with a sufficiency of noble qualities to at least secure her interest in him, only to send him back alone to the West and to his crankish theories of human perfection. There is an unfulfilled possibility in his last utterance, which also ends the book:—"No half-savage like myself could stay many weeks in that sweet Southern home without carrying from it a sort of talisman to remain with him for ever, even when he is several thousand miles away." The old Virginian Colonel, Meade's father, is a well-suggested character of the known type of the Southern gentleman. Strong, self-reliant, chivalrous according to his lights, a squire of dames of all degrees, and owning to a social code which admits of no exceptions. The parson Hoggard is merely hinted at as a character, although it is he who finally carries off Angela, and becomes the only man she ever really loved and the father of her numerous progeny. Altogether there are few persons or few episodes of this book to linger long in the memory of the reader.

Although *The King's Favourite* is printed in large type and on thick paper, and consists of but two volumes, it is wearisome in the extreme. The first part, called "The Idolater," is a sort of raving of a religious kind from beginning to end, which is commenced by Ursula, a recluse who leads an ascetic life in the "House of Waters," her ancestral home. This life is shared by a beautiful young girl bearing the romantic name of Simona, who is particularly noticeable for her hair of "gorse blossom" yellow. The reader has to wade through a great deal of tiresome description as to the state of the weather on the particular evening in which the story opens, on which the atmosphere was "saturated with the leaden muteness of dank moisture." Several pages are devoted to the crumbling walls and general state of disrepair of the "House of Waters," which seems only kept together by the "hairy filaments of encroaching ivy like the death-sheet which to the seer's eyes envelopes the body of the doomed man, and like a living shroud concealed the ruin whose approach it accelerated."

The opening chapters of the book lead the reader to expect a



novel of a stirring order, as it begins in the time of the Protectorate, just after the death of Charles. Monk Tristram, one of the emissaries of the Royalist party, comes disguised on a secret mission to the House of Waters, arriving just in time to see the death of Ursula, who in dying confesses that she is the mother of Simona. The reader can easily guess who is the father. Tristram is followed by the youth Prospero, who, in the second volume, is described as having a "Sir Galahad" face. The reader has to toil through endless sermons and dull discourse to get at anything like continuity in the novel, as there is no plot to aid him. The life of Simona is colourless in the extreme. She marries the wrong man for no reason whatever, but seems to take her mistake very coolly, and when she can do Prospero a service she declines to do it. Prospero seems adored all round; Simona's husband says to her, "Prospero first, you next." Even the author seems at length to get tired of the King's Favourite, for, at the end of the second, and last, volume he disappears with little ado, and the book is finished. The following passage taken at haphazard illustrates the literary style of the author:—

"Bitter sequel of such prelude! Between his love and the prize for which he strove was the bond, riveted by his act, the vow his lips had dictated in Peter's death chamber, by which he himself had given her life into another's keeping to hold it from him for ever. His will had forged the chain whose links bound her to Giles, that "she might be the wife of no other man." By his handiwork she was held in the bondage of that promise. Could he undo his deed, would the chain break at his decree?"

#### MR. WARDE FOWLER'S "CÆSAR."

THE scope of this thoroughly readable book is stated by Mr. Warde Fowler to be an attempt at "explaining to those who are comparatively unfamiliar with classical antiquity the place which Cæsar occupies in the history of the world." In this humble but useful object it is not too much to say that the writer has achieved complete success; he has acquired the art of lucid statement, and possesses the gift of an interesting style. Yet it is almost a misfortune that he has not aimed a little higher. There is room for a sound and scholarly study on the subject. But the limits which Mr. Fowler has set to his industry preclude him from an exhaustive inquiry into the many doubtful questions that arise in a period so prolific in still-enduring results yet so vaguely and partially recorded. One word more of complaint. Of the soldier and the statesman we are presented with a correct and conscientious outline, but not with a portrait of the man. Yet the character of Cæsar, complex as it was, is fairly well understood by intelligent scholars. We fancy of him, almost as clearly as of Cicero and Cato, that we can realize what he seemed to his contemporaries—his personal charm, the sources of his strength, his vices, and his foibles. But from these excellent leading-article pages of Mr. Fowler we rise without any vivid impression. He is always summing up his hero, and seldom condescends to piquant details and illuminating, if unauthenticated, anecdotes. He has consulted his Suetonius, his Plutarch, and his Appian, and has given us, perhaps, all that can be relied upon—all except the individuality. He takes his theme so seriously that he will not overlay it with any matter of a dubious origin. A curious divergence from this conscientiousness is pointed out by himself. One of the busts which are engraved in this volume, he tells us, most probably does not represent Cæsar, but some other *pontifex maximus*, but it is included "by the particular desire of Mr. G. H. Putnam." Mr. Fowler gives the cut, but declines to write up to it. We must not leave this subject without thanking the publishers for the many excellent maps and illustrations with which the text is elucidated. Those especially which relate to the military campaigns increase the value as much as the attractiveness of a book which is likely to become as popular in this country as in the United States.

It would not be fair to accuse Mr. Fowler of being a blind panegyrist of Cæsar. For the man's genius and achievements he has, perhaps, an exaggerated admiration. But with Mommsen in one's head (and how hard it is to dislodge that matter-of-fact chapter-and-verse rhetorician?) it requires no ordinary stolidity to frame a fair estimate of the destroyer of the Roman constitution. With all his moderation of language and sanity in speculation Mr. Fowler seems to hold—in an undefined way—that Cæsar was a sort of pre-ordained instrument to shatter and pulverize a rotten and crumbling oligarchy. Sulla had given the *nobles* a last chance; they neglected and misused it. What

remained for them, thus self-condemned, but to be executed by the justified Adventurer? In a powerful passage—but not quite a convincing one when you read it a second and third time, and compare it with the facts to which it relates—Mr. Fowler argues that when Cæsar returned from Asia at the end of 74 B.C. the Roman Empire was in a very parlous state. We are presented with the imaginary impressions of an intelligent Jew or Parthian travelling from East to West, and jotting down his observations. Mr. Fowler gives us a *résumé* of his globe-trotter's diary. In Asia Minor he would note the beginnings of a great war, with a beaten general hardly holding his own in Chalcedon against the King of Pontus; the inadequacy of military preparations, and the inability of impoverished provincials to make up the deficiency. Passing on to Italy our traveller would be told thrilling stories of piracy; off the very port of Brundisium he would not feel safe from capture. He would be warned against venturing on a visit to Sicily, where life and property were alike endangered by the misgovernment of a Verres. In Italy itself he would find the roads occupied by bands of armed slaves fresh from victories over the legions. At Rome he would see no sign of prosperity, vigour, or unanimity; an idle and starving population, an administration without authority or prestige; news of reverses to the national arms coming in from East and West; Sertorius in Spain organizing a new Rome, and about to join hands with Mithridates in the East—"hoping by his means to crush the paralysed Republic, and revolutionize the Græco-Roman world." This is enough, we think, of Mr. Fowler's unratified vision. That paralysed Republic pulled itself together, and wiped its enemies out, before—not after—it had bent the knee to Imperial Democracy. Can a political system which created the Roman Empire, which seldom failed to produce the right man in the time of necessity and bring him to the front, have been so essentially feeble, so incurably corrupt, as the majority of modern political philosophers ask us to believe? It is the chief honour and glory of the Roman emperors that they organized so well and kept so long the heritage bequeathed by the old Senate and people of Rome. What would have happened abroad if the governing families had not forfeited, or been robbed of, their ascendancy in the City it is impossible to conjecture. But, in passing judgment upon them, we must remember what they did and caused to be done. Nor need we take it for granted that they would not have carried out, as well as those who usurped their functions, the reforms which Cæsar and his successors—some of them the most gifted rulers in history—were fated to inaugurate and develop. Be it remembered that the old *régime* at Rome fell, not for any of its many sins against the provincials, but because in civil faction it was ousted by an adroit party tactician, backed by an army of soldiers of fortune. It is not contended that the senatorial authority was capable or worthy of being retained and restored. But it was ruined for other reasons than its constitutional deficiencies.

Mr. Fowler is excusably mild in his censure of the faults that Cæsar committed, but not always quite consistent with himself. With regard to the perfidious night attack of the Aduatici, in 57 B.C., and the punishment meted out by Cæsar (he sold the whole population into slavery, to the number of 53,000), we are told that in this act he was but the embodiment of the proud Roman policy, *Parcere subjectis et debellare superbos*; he punished treachery and rebellion, but not mere resistance. Ten pages later Mr. Fowler has to record the similar treatment of the Veneti without a similar excuse—an act which is admitted to have been one of deliberate cruelty, and only defended as an incident in an intentionally terrorizing policy. And in mentioning the fate of Verregetorix, killed in the dungeon of the Capitol while his conqueror offered thanks and prayers in the great temple above, Mr. Fowler fairly throws up his brief, and admits that his hero was "a true Roman at heart, and as a Roman could not always reach that highest level of perfect justice where cool head and warm heart work together in blameless harmony."

Like most writers on this period, Mr. Fowler is disposed to look at Pompeius as a mere blunderer, and Cicero as a clever failure. He goes so far as to describe the former as a "witless politician," and is never tired of sneering at that "Agreement of the Two Orders" in which the latter thought he had found at least a temporary bulwark against the encroachments of a democratic usurper. But because a man has been distanced in the race for power, or because a policy has been defeated, it does not follow that the one was a fool and the other an illusion. There is nothing to show that Cæsar took any such contemptuous view of the rival he defeated or the combination he broke up. This extravagance in condemnation, based on most imperfect evidence—more *lacune* than links—is somewhat surprising, because Mr. Fowler takes an eminently sensible view of Cæsar's gradually developing and systematically opportunist policy. At the Conference of Lucca it has been considered astonishing that he con-

\* *Julius Cæsar and the Foundation of the Roman Imperial System.* By W. Warde Fowler, M.A., Sub-Rector of Lincoln College, Oxford. "Heroes of the Nations" Series. London and New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

sented without much apparent reluctance to arrangements "which might seriously prejudice his position as many years had passed, and might turn his coadjutors, who had so far been quiescent, if inactive, into dangerous military rivals." But this, we are told, was characteristic of the man. He did one thing at a time; the work was so absorbing that he could entertain no visionary schemes while it remained incomplete, and in the meantime was contented to let things take their course:—

"To some, and even to the penetrating genius of Mommsen, the astonishing career of Cæsar, mounting upwards step by step, and mapped out before us as we look on it as a whole, suggests the irresistible temptation of accounting for it by ascribing to him a clear, far-reaching vision, capable of planning out his whole route from the base to the summit of the difficult crags that must be scaled. But this, we may venture to believe, is wholly to mistake the character of the man. He may have believed in his destiny; but assuredly he took no great trouble to control it. He was a climber who doubtless believed that he might climb the highest peak; but his whole energy as he climbed was given to making his footing firm where he stood. Leaving the future of his relations with his rivals and enemies to take care of itself, he turned back to join his legions on the inhospitable coast of Brittany."

Of the well-known Laberius incident it can hardly be considered that we get a fair account from Mr. Fowler when he tells us that "at the games which followed this triumph (44 B.C.) there was a singular illustration of the completeness of the new despotism. A famous playwright, sixty years of age, named Laberius, was invited by Cæsar to take part in the performance of one of his own plays. It is hard to believe that Cæsar meant this as a deliberate insult to a man of talent who was a Roman knight; but it is certain that the poet took the invitation as a command, for we still have the verses in which he deplored his own obedience." A wanton insult, we are informed, would be inconsistent with Cæsar's courteous and considerate nature. Are we to suppose, then, that Laberius, a man of rash and bitter speech, bottled up his indignation, and only allowed it to be seen when the contumely had been completed? Is it probable that Cæsar was on this occasion so devoid of tact as not to be aware that he was giving offence—Cæsar who, before all things, studied human nature and the management of men? We prefer the downright theory of Teuffel, based on the passage from Macrobius, that Cæsar humiliated Laberius as a penalty for his Republican candour. Nor was it to win a victory that the Roman knight was driven on the boards. In the competition thus arranged for him he was defeated by a Greek freedman—*statimque Publio palmam et Laberio aureum cum quinquegentis sesteris dedit*—the ring as a token that the rank forfeited by self-degradation was to be restored by the favour of authority! His own pathetic words show how deeply he was mortified—*Ego bis tricenis annis actis sine nota Eques Romanus e Lare egressus meo Domum revertar minus*. But a more serious blot on Cæsar's reputation than this instance of petty spite—which may, perhaps, be excused as a kind of practical joke, not unprovoked by the victim's notoriously sharp tongue—is the now generally admitted complicity in the Catilinarian conspiracy. Mr. Fowler passes lightly over this awkward incident. "We incline," he says, "to the conclusion that they (Cæsar and Crassus) had some knowledge of it, as of the earlier plot, but [here we get a truly maladroit apology] inwardly reserved the right to betray it, if it should seem good to them." They were to use it, we read, if it were successful, for their own ends; but when it promised to be a failure, they probably gave information about it to the Government! We need not take this defence to pieces and examine it in detail from the point of view of the Catilinarian, the Constitutionalist, and the man of average honesty. But it was one of Cæsar's greatest gifts that he could handle pitch and not get very badly defiled. He had the art of shaking off the shady associations of his early career, and of becoming, as well as seeming, a different man from what Mr. Fowler makes him at this period in his career—a faithless confederate in treason.

Of the chapters devoted to Cæsar's campaigns in Gaul and the civil wars—the chief part of the book—we have said nothing, because we have nothing to say that is not praise. They are written with lucidity and animation, and what more does a reasonable man require from a military narrative? Nor must we forget to commend the opening chapters on the early influences of the character and views of the young Cæsar, though, as we have said, he is, of all the great men in history, the one whose subsequent development could least easily be predicted from the circumstances on which he was thrown, and the propensities and prejudices which he might be supposed to have formed and imbibed. On this subject, by the way, Mr. Fowler remarks that "the reader cannot fail to be struck, not only with the total want of interest in the training of the great men of that age shown by

contemporary writers, but by the complete failure of the Romans to grasp the importance of education as a means of preparing their statesmen for their vast duties and responsibilities as rulers of the civilized world." It was different, he adds, in the old Greek republics. So it was, no doubt. But when we come to look at results—it is a gross, material method—the commanders and administrators turned out by the rough old Roman plan of fitting men for work by apprenticing them to it need not shrink from comparison with the more scientific products of the Greek politics.

#### LORD CHESTERFIELD.\*

DR. BRADSHAW, or Dr. Bradshaw's publishers, are certainly not likely to be accused of hiding their light under a bushel. But, despite the prominence which the advertisements of the latest edition of Lord Chesterfield's correspondence give to the editor's discoveries, the five letters to Faulkner the printer, and others, now included for the first time in the collection, are not of absorbing import. The letter from Lord Charlemont to Lord Bruce, which follows the "Introduction," is interesting enough; but then it is not new, since it was published last year at pp. 324-30 of the valuable Report issued by the Historical MSS. Commission upon the Charlemont papers, which Report can be purchased, and should be purchased by all lovers of the eighteenth century, for the modest sum of 1s. 11d. But, apart from Dr. Bradshaw's perhaps excusable desire to magnify his office, and make as much as possible of those minor novelties which more hardened editors are usually content to present to the public without martial music of any kind, his new edition of Chesterfield's Letters is a creditable performance. Its three thick volumes, of which the price is extremely moderate, are clearly printed, and they contain all the letters in Lord Mahon's edition of 1845, with the suppressed passages afterwards given in the supplemental volume of 1853. Lord Chesterfield's letters to his godson they do not of course include; and it appears that the Newcastle correspondence, recently acquired by the British Museum, contains a further group of letters which are promised by Dr. Bradshaw "at no distant date," so that Lord Chesterfield's correspondence when finally collected will be a much larger offering to posterity than has hitherto been suspected. Dr. Bradshaw, it may be added, has retained almost all Lord Mahon's footnotes, adding others of his own, which are usually brief and workmanlike. It is strange, however, that so precise a comparer of texts should pass, without comment, the inexactitude of Chesterfield's quotation at p. 36, vol. i., from Pope's *Essay on Criticism*. Pope never wrote—

A little knowledge is a dangerous thing:  
Drink deep, or taste not the Castalian spring.

And the note to p. 259 is inexplicit, as Pope also addressed an epistle, "Of" (not "On") "the Use of Riches," to Allen, Lord Bathurst. Borhan, too (p. 384), is an odd travesty of Boileau. But, all things considered, there is little to complain of in Dr. Bradshaw's elucidations. Certainly, they are not obtrusive; and as for the French portion of the book, which with English printers is generally the rock of offence, save and except the singular masquerading of "que" as "pue," we have failed, after a fairly close examination, to find any grave misprints. There is, however, a notable omission in the list of recent criticisms on Lord Chesterfield. The article in the *Quarterly Review* for July and October, 1890, which is one of the ablest ever written on the subject, is not referred to in Dr. Bradshaw's summary.

Of his Lordship's Letters to his Son and Godson we have, perhaps, recently heard enough, though the subject is by no means exhausted. Indeed, in closing but a second since one of the imposing quartos which Mrs. Eugenia Stanhope issued to the world in 1774, we came upon a passage which, in these days of the extravagant cultus of first editions ("the first editions—and the worst," as a modern poet has said), is even more useful in its note of warning than when it was first penned in October, 1750. "Buy good books, and read them; the best books are the commonest, and the last editions are always the best, if the editors are not blockheads; for they may profit of the former. But [and here he is probably remembering Addison's inimitable "Tom Folio"] take care not to understand editions and title-pages too well. It always smells of pedantry, and not always of learning"—which last sentiment shows that the traditional High Priest of Dissimulation, as many reckon him, was quite sensible, upon occasion, of the value of thoroughness. Indeed aphorisms of this kind are scattered broadcast among the injunctions as to *la tournure*

\* The Letters of Philip Dormer Stanhope, Earl of Chesterfield; with the Characters. Edited, with Introduction, Notes, and Index, by John Bradshaw, M.A., LL.D. 3 vols. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 1892.



and *les agréments, les Graces and les bienséances*, which go to make up the *code Chesterfield* as it is primarily, and not quite justly, conceived to run. But Dr. Bradshaw's edition, if it does no more, reminds us that his Lordship was much besides the merely epistolary monitor of the incurably awkward young man—the "perfect Tony Lumpkin"—whom Lord Charlemont describes to Lord Bruce as playing monkey tricks in the manner of Goldsmith's hero upon a staid consistory of whist-playing Bernese senators, and gorging himself gluttonously with gooseberries and whipped cream. The letters to Philip Stanhope are, in truth, only part of a large and much-neglected correspondence, which, in many respects, is as interesting as Walpole's, and is often more genuine in its utterance. Some of the letters from Chesterfield House, or Babiole at Blackheath, to Madame de Monconseil or Madame du Boccage, to Dayrolles or the Bishop of Waterford, are admirable in tone and feeling, instinct with that *style léger et fleuri* that the writer loved, full of a rich experience of life and books, and chastened everywhere with a patience under infirmity and a resignation to the burdens of valetudinarian old age which it is impossible not to respect. If the new edition draws attention to this better side of Chesterfield's character, it will do much to modify the epigram of Johnson and the couplets of Cowper.

#### HAUPTMANN'S LETTERS.\*

THE letters of Moritz Hauptmann, which Mr. Arthur Coleridge has translated into two volumes, merit, on several grounds, an introduction to English readers. In the first place, the long list of this eminent theorist's pupils comprises many names familiar to the English musical world, in addition to those of famous foreigners, like H. von Bülow, Joachim, Ferdinand David, and Curschmann. Messrs. Otto Goldschmidt, Walter Bache, Dannreuther, F. Clay, and Sir Arthur Sullivan figure in the rolls of Hauptmann's pupils. In the second place, the letters, though not of the highest rank in epistolary literature, are excellent, if not easy, reading. In a rather unusual degree they exhibit the complete self-absorption of an artist who, literally, lived in the contemplation of his art. At the same time, they abound in much admirable criticism upon ancient and modern music, and in observations on musicians that are often exceedingly shrewd, such as are not a little surprising in a thinker and theorist with whom abstract questions of art and philosophy proved so beguiling. Certainly, he never anticipated the editing of his letters by Professor Schöne and Ferdinand Hiller, nor their translation into English by Mr. Coleridge. He was a severe critic of volumes of letters generally, and observed of one of them, "I don't at all expect discussions of very interesting subjects in such collections; the real interest lies in the accurate portraits they give of the writers themselves." His own letters are decidedly satisfactory in this respect. The whole correspondence in the first volume and the greater part of the second is composed of letters to Franz Hauser, a baritone singer of high repute, for many years director of the Munich Conservatoire. The latter portion of the second volume is made up of letters to Spohr, Otto Jahn, Julius Rietz, and others, which Mr. Coleridge has translated from Ferdinand Hiller's volume of Hauptmann's correspondence. Of Hauser we learn nothing from this long and steady stream of letters except that he was a singer. Once, indeed, Hauptmann asks if his correspondent is the "Mr. H." who said it was "all up with German art." But, apart from their works, with the exception of Spohr and Mendelssohn, the musicians that are spoken of in those letters take but shadowy shapes. The writer himself, however, is very clearly revealed in a curiously unconscious and perfectly undesigned way. His diffidence as a teacher and his acuteness as a critic are not more unmistakable than his honesty. Perhaps he was a little too fond of "pulling things to pieces," as he puts it—sometimes in anticipation—as when he tried to dissuade Spohr by purely theoretical reasoning from realizing the design of his famous symphony, *Die Weihe der Töne*, and in the detection of faults in artistic works was as active as he was keen-eyed. But his judgment of his contemporaries, Weber, Berlioz, Hummel, Mendelssohn, Schumann, and Spohr, is almost invariably admirable indeed. Not less right are his conclusions as to the merits and defects of the Italian opera-composers of the century, and of the brilliant school of French writers of *opéra comique*. Wagner is, from time to time, the object of his sarcasm, and although he modified his severity somewhat, with advancing years, his observations on *Tannhäuser* are decidedly not less just than caustic. There is a remarkable passage in one of his letters on Gluck and Mozart, two composers who, although

German, did not write German operas for Germans, but idealized foreign artistic methods, the one French, the other Italian. Hauptmann was no believer in a national German opera. Here are some striking remarks on the chance performance at the Cassel opera-house of Spohr's *Faust*, following a representation of *Fra Diavolo* :—

'Apart from poetry and music, what a mere puppet-show is *Faust*! The characters are so clumsy. How shapeless and awkward are those four comrades—too many as individuals, too few for a crowd! And much of it is too long for me—that last finale, for instance. I dare say it's well enough meant; but just compare it with a scene of the same kind in French—such as the finale of the second act in *Fra Diavolo*, where our eyes and ears are satisfied at the same time by a lively *ensemble*, the divisions of which are as easily understood as the grouping of *Fra Diavolo* between the two couples—2 1 2. But in the finale to *Faust* it is perfectly endless, five or six people coming upon the stage, each singing a separate story. And how on earth are we to keep them all in our heads? There might as well be nine or thirteen.'

Some few holiday jaunts excepted, Hauptmann's life was spent in three towns—Dresden, where he was born in 1792; Cassel, where for years he played the violin in the opera orchestra; and Leipzig, where he filled the post of Cantor of the "Thomas-schule" for twenty-six years, until his death. He composed much music, including operas, and wrote some exceedingly erudite treatises. Like most cultivated Germans, he knew Goethe's writings by heart; it might be said; and his knowledge of Shakespeare, whom he quotes aptly in these letters, was extensive. In short, he was a well-equipped scholar, apart from his remarkable attainments in the theory and history of music. There was something, moreover, in his nature of the shyness and simplicity and speculative humour that distinguish Fichte, one of his favourite Jean Paul's most characteristic creations. Obviously, we must not accept his own estimate of his capacity as a composer or executant—"bad at the fiddle, bad at the piano, out and out bad as a musician—that's the sum of me at thirty-five years of age." Such is his verdict, uttered in a transient fit of the blues. In a rare autobiographical moment, he writes :—"When I was young and foolish, I all but undertook the conductorship of a military band in Russia; and, after that, the opera at Revel. What a ridiculous figure I should have cut in either capacity!" Again, when he is offered the Cantorship at Leipzig, and suspects Mendelssohn of having befriended him, he says, "I always think that any one could do the thing better than I could." Perhaps a somewhat solitary and decidedly monotonous life increased his natural tendency to a morbid shyness. His letters, however, are not uncheerful reading, and abound in good things happily expressed. On Goethe's universality, for example, he writes :—"I fancy it irritates some people that Goethe should be so thorough and have so many sides to him. A. says he is no philosopher; B. denies his mathematics; C. questions his religion. One wants blue, another yellow, another red; whereas it is the blending of all three tints in one that makes up the healthy human complexion." And this—"Bach and Handel are not classics because they are old; they have grown old because they are classical"—is a good example of his incisive vision.

#### MR. LELAND'S HEINE.\*

IT was not surprising to find that Mr. Leland, in his long and dangerous, if not exactly dirty or dark, journey through Heine-land, found himself necessitated or induced to skip for a time the *Buch der Lieder*. Perhaps—but the most impertinent thing in the world is to offer advice unasked—we should have ourselves recommended the execution of all the prose works first, and the postponement of the poetical works till afterwards. This advice, however, would have in some extent turned on a theory of translation which we observe is not Mr. Leland's. In his preface to the *Deutschland* Mr. Leland says :—

'The difficulty in translating Heine, of which we hear so much, does not consist by any means entirely in rendering his exquisite grace, his inimitable sprightliness and *tours de force*. . . . It very often lies in not following his intolerable tautology of words, iteration of ideas, or of commonplace conceptions, his brusque French-German terms, or common slang, and in occasionally feeling obliged to put some kind of expressive termination to a sentence which, when reduced to strict English sense, and deprived of its etcetera, is only a winding corridor which leads to nothing.'

We could extend the quotation, but this probably gives text enough for a few preliminary remarks on one of the most im-

\* *The Letters of a Leipzig Cantor*. Edited by Professor Alfred Schöne and Ferdinand Hiller. Translated by A. D. Coleridge. 2 vols. London: Novello, Ewer, & Co.; Bentley & Son. 1892.

\* *The Works of Heinrich Heine*. Translated by C. G. Leland. Vols. II, III, V, VI. London: Heinemann.

portant sections of Mr. Leland's task. Is it, we feel inclined to ask, possible "not to follow" an author's tautology of terms and iteration of conceptions, his hybrid vocabulary, or use of slang, to put an "expressive termination" to a sentence of the "corridor" kind, and yet in any real sense to translate him at all? We should be inclined to answer in the negative. The great styles of the world consist of two classes, and each of them we are bound to confess, after much theoretic and not a little practical study, seems to us "untranslatable," though we gather that Mr. Leland does not like that word. One class consists of the authors whose style, without any violent mannerism, is the perfection of the language in which it is written; and clearly that must be lost in any version however good. "Better, so call it, only not the same." The other class consists of those whose mannerisms, whether they are affected or not, are marked, muscular, perhaps, as we have said, violent. What are you to do with these? If you do "not follow," to keep Mr. Leland's italic, their tautology, their iteration, their slang, jargon, and so forth, can you by any possible or conceivable means produce on the reader of the translation any effect at all like that which is produced on the reader of the original? And if you do not, where is your translation? You can give the matter; anybody can give the matter; but what is matter without form? What would Carlyle be without those irregular superlatives, those abstractions, those abrupt aposiopeses which made our fathers stare and gasp? What is Michelet in certain English versions? We do not say what is Heine in Mr. Leland's, because Mr. Leland is much better than his form of creed. But even he might, we think, have lent himself more to the form and pressure of his original. He writes shortly after the words we have quoted:—"Heine is by no means deficient in passages which, if they were no better written in English than they are in German, would be condemned in the humblest writer." Now Heine was a journalist, and a journalist is very often condemned to be a humble, if not a humblest, writer. Still, with all deference to Mr. Leland, we think we could put up with heinous faults in the humblest writer if he would be otherwise heinous—the excuse for which atrocity is that Heine would have committed it without blushing, would have taken much pleasure in it, and would have made of it something as delightful and memorable as are most of those peccant passages on which Mr. Leland is so severe. To tell the truth, indeed, we ourselves should find fault rather with Heine's matter than with his form. He was often cruel; he was sometimes vulgar; he was not seldom trivial, hasty, ignorant. But may Heaven deliver us from the accuracies, the originalities, the correctness of some men if they are to keep us out of the tautologies, the iterations, the commonplaces of Heine!

It should be more than unnecessary to say that these observations are meant as a friendly debating of matters of principle with Mr. Leland, not as an unfavourable criticism of his practice. His undertaking as a complete translator of Heine has made it necessary for him to grapple with not a little work which is certainly not very worthy of his author, and which may, without unfairness or *outré* conduct, be called not very good in itself. Mr. Leland is strictly justified in saying that it would amaze not a few of Heine's devoted admirers to know how slender was his erudition, and it is unfortunately also true that not a few of his prose works as wholes, and more passages in them as passages, had no business to be written by any one whose erudition was not pretty stout. Mr. Leland has a remark which is striking, and we think novel, to the effect that, as Rabelais had tried the humorous treatment of the substance of the learning of his day and the broad facts of life, as Sterne had dealt in the same way with sentiment (he should surely have put Burton between them), so Heine tried the bolder and broader experiment of combining these elements with serious discussion of literature and politics. It is true, and it is suggestive. It might be added that the same experiment suggested itself to at least four of Heine's English contemporaries—Wilson, Sydney Smith, Southey, and Landor—and that all four, with Heine himself, while producing delightful work in their attempt, failed more or less to achieve any solid success in what they meant to do. We might make the still further remark that the failure was more conspicuous by far in the ultra-Liberals, such as Landor and Heine, than in the ultra-Tories, Southey and Wilson. If Sydney Smith succeeded best of the five, it was because he was not in the least a "knight of the Holy Ghost" on either side, and had uncommonly few enthusiasms.

The alloy which this attempt intruded into large sections, if not into the whole, of Heine's prose work will always make it less agreeable to some readers than his flawless and wonderful verse. But militant exercises of the kind by a genius so light on the wings, so well armed at all points with the weapons of attack, if not with the armour of defence, could never be without interest;

and the *Deutschland* and the *Reisebilder* would not be parted with by any capable student of the European literature of the century for any price. Mr. Leland, following his earlier plan, has done the verse where it occurs in the original editions, not relegating it, as in the collected works, to a separate division. There is both gain and loss in this, though there is less gain than might be thought by reason of the comparative independence of Heine's verse. Even when he was treating in it of subjects which were a kind of accompaniment to his prose lucubrations, Apollo took him bodily and wafted him out of the company of Mercury.

And yet when he is mercurial only how charming he is! In a few months it will be sixty years since the *Reisebilder* were first published in their completest form, seventy since the first part was written. It is a curious exercise thus to transport oneself behind the writing of the *Nordsee*, the first essentially nineteenth-century poem, in comparison with which Byron and Shelley, not to say Wordsworth and Coleridge, are somehow or other antique and old-world; which anticipates Tennyson and the French Romantics in date as much as it throws itself beyond their earlier work into the thought and manner of more recent times. How curious to compare it with the almost contemporary *Harzreise*, which, even allowing for its prose form, is far less definitely modern, and then to turn the page to the *Buch le Grand*, the perfection of Heine's oddity, as the *Nordsee* is the first expression of Heine's poetry. On the second volume of the *Reisebilder* opinions will always differ considerably. It would be easy to criticize it rather severely, for the Italian sections abound with the worst specimens of Heine's bad taste, and the *Englische Fragmente* with the most egregious specimens of what can only be called his folly and ignorance. It is all the more curious and interesting to read the positively silly stuff which this German of genius talked about Wellington, and to remember that the Duke had the faculty of discovering an equal vein of positive *Dummheit* in an Englishman of genius, Hazlitt. Set either of these two Napoleon-worshippers on Napoleon's conqueror, and they almost cease to be rational animals. We can hardly conceive it possible that any Englishman should resent what Heine says of England, because it is so obviously said with the least possible knowledge. The objection to the Italian sections is of course different. They contain admirable things—what work of Heine's does not? Even he has not created many fantasy-persons more excellent than Gumpelino and Matilda, nor has he written anything better than dozens and scores of pages here contained. But much of it is farce, and coarse farce, and coarse farce without the redeeming quality of a Shakspearian or a Rabelaisian breadth; while in such digressions as the attack on Platen we see Heine at his very worst.

In the *Deutschland* we meet, as it were, a different Heine altogether. In parts it is twenty years later than the latest part of the *Reisebilder*, and more than thirty later than the earliest; and its subjects are even more different than the circumstances of the writer. In the third part, the *Elementargeister*, the notes on *Faust* and the *Goddess Diana*, the true Heine of fantasy appears. But, in the first and second, the second, or *Romantische Schule*, more especially, it is a Heine in masquerade. We agree fully with Mr. Leland that the book is equally characterized by "profundity of thought and by profundity of ignorance." Heine's unsurpassed literary faculty and his astonishing genius made it impossible for him to write about any broomstick without being at once instructive and entertaining. Wherever the thing could be done by sheer mother-wit or by gift of expression, he has done it; and as in the *Romantische Schule* these two things were really sufficient to do a good deal, a good deal has there been done. But in the greater part of the first volume the case is different. To put it briefly and bluntly, Heine did not know much about the history of German philosophy, and if he had, he would probably not have taken the trouble to make, or have succeeded by any amount of trouble in making, it clear to the popular mind. What he could do was to communicate something as to the anecdotic history of the philosophers, to crack abundance of generally excellent jokes, to make reflections of infinite humour, acuteness, and sometimes pathos; and that was all. Moreover, unfortunately, the *Deutschland* is not free from the blemishes arising from Heine's incurable tendency to scratch and bite. Cousin, for instance, was not an invulnerable person nor a sacred one, nor one wholly estimable; but there is absolutely no excuse for the savage attack on him in the *Romantische Schule*, not even the excuse that it is well done.

And then as we put the books down, we remember that among these four volumes of *pot-pourri* and harlequinade, of fancy, coarseness, tedium (for Heine can be tedious), wit, ignorance, wisdom, folly, there are included at one end the immortal cyclus of the *Nordsee*, the exquisite lyrics of the *Heimkehr* and the *Neuer*



*Frühling*, and at the other that strange parody or extension of the Tannhäuser song, which contains some of the choicest specimens of Heine's passion, and some of the choicest specimens of his ribaldry. Verily Heinrich Heine and not Jean Paul is *der Einzige* among Germans: and great is the venture of translating him which Mr. Leland has so boldly undertaken, and in which he has for the most part acquitted himself so well.

#### NORWAY AND THE NORWEGIANS.\*

EVERY English and American visitor to Norway sufficiently intelligent to desire to know something about the country, its people, and its history, will rejoice over this pleasant little book. We do not believe that the "average tourist," as Mr. Keary calls him, is by any means indifferent to such knowledge. He reads his guide-books in the hope of gaining it, and often shuts them with his curiosity excited rather than satisfied; for they refer to matters with which he is not acquainted, and which they have no space to explain; they often do no more than note that in this place a battle was fought and a hero fell; in that, a revolution took its rise; that one spot is celebrated by popular legends, another in some masterpiece of literature; this district is thickly, and that sparsely, inhabited. He wants to know more than such bare facts as these, and in Norway he is specially conscious that he loses much for lack of knowledge; for even the most uninstructed tourist is aware that Norwegian history is full of romance, and the least observant cannot help seeing that the country is in many respects unlike other lands. This book, in size and binding well suited to a place in a portmanteau, and not a cumbrous addition even to the contents of a knapsack, will give him briefly and pleasantly the information that he wants. Mr. Keary, besides having travelled much and often in Norway, has other special qualifications for the task that he has so well performed here; for, as we need scarcely remind our readers, he has given satisfactory proofs both of his mastery of early Scandinavian history and of his skill and taste as a writer of lighter literature. He begins his present volume by speaking of those natural features of Norway that meet the traveller's eyes as he nears the land, the belt of rocky islands between the mainland and the ocean, the shapes of the mountains, and the fjords, explaining in an easy fashion the effects produced in each case by glacial action, and then passes on to a general description of the country, taking care here and in every part of his book to localize what he has to say, for he never forgets that he is writing specially for travellers. After a notice at once scholarly and readable of the ethnology of the Norwegians, we are shown some links between the present and prehistoric times, such as are afforded by many of the upland dwellings used by herdsmen during the summer months, and by relics of bygone superstitions like the midsummer fires and the names of frowning cliffs and sequestered valleys, the haunts of giants, elves, and witches. Of greater interest even than these survivals are the ships of the Viking age, which are described here from the two existing specimens at Christiania. These ships are, Mr. Keary remarks, still represented by the shallow boats, pointed both stem and stern, and with square sails, used on some parts of the coast of Norway. From the Viking ships we go on to a rapid summary of the Viking attacks on Christendom, and the discovery of Iceland, Greenland, and America, and then to subjects about which every one will be glad to read, the mythology of the Edda, the heroic lays, and the Court poems. In his chapter on the prose tales of the Scandinavians, the Sagas, which were developed by the settlers in Iceland, Mr. Keary points out the special characteristics of the life that they portrayed, and illustrates his observations by an extract from the *Njála*. To these early tales, "produced in the true Saga age," and told by the Saga-maker in the halls of Icelandic chiefs, succeeded the more elaborate productions of the "Book age," such as the *Landnámabók* and the *Konunga-bók*, the "Lives of the Kings of Norway," the foundation in one form or another of the *Heimskringla* Saga, which was, it is generally believed, compiled by Snorri Sturluson.

Mr. Keary has given an interesting account of the early history of Norway, beginning with the reign of Harald Fairhair, who first united the country into a single kingdom; and does not forget to record the legends of the Lapp magician whom Harald rescued, and of the beautiful Snæfrid, the King's wife, for whom he mourned so long. After the death of Harald's son Erik, his widow, Gunhild—"whom Norse traditions represent as a sorceress, brought up by the Finns," though she was really a Danish princess—becomes for a while the most prominent figure

in the Scandinavian legends; for she stirred up her sons to make ceaseless war upon their uncle Hakon, who had been raised to the throne by the Thronðjem people. The spirited narrative of the life and death of Olaf Trygvasson will add to the pleasure with which the tourist catches sight of the precipitous Hornølen, on Bremanger Island, the scene of one of Olaf's fabled exploits, or visits Thronðjem, Olaf's "merchants' town," and he will scarcely read without a stirring of his blood the version of the Saga that records the King's last fight. Mr. Keary knows how to treat such a theme as this battle in the Svold, and presents his readers with a glowing picture of the most famous scene of the heroic age of Norway. His whole treatment of Norwegian history is indeed excellent reading. Nor has he forgotten that a tourist with eyes and brains will not be contented with records of the past, however well they may be presented. He will want information about the present condition of the country in which he may be travelling and of the people round him. Mr. Keary sketches the constitution of Norway, the character of the religion of the country, and the state of popular education; noting how, in districts where houses are few and far between, the schoolmaster travels round to each little centre in succession, the farmers giving him board and lodging while he is with them and providing a room for a schoolroom. We also have accounts of the system of land-tenure, of the chief industries of Norway—the fisheries, timber-cutting, and farming—and of the dress and habits of the country-folk. Mr. Keary ends his own work with a brief view of modern Norse literature, which contains sufficient and well-considered notices of Ibsen and Bjørnson. The last chapter, on the wild flowers of Norway, contributed by Miss Tindall, is clearly written and conveniently arranged. While Mr. Keary's book is one that is good to read at all times and in any land, the tourist in Norway will find it an invaluable and delightful companion.

#### MR. BURNAND'S BURLESQUE AND PARODY.\*

THOUGH definitions are, and should be, for the recreation of philosophic thinkers—the proper objects of the rare sportive hours snatched from the heavy labours of their lives—there have been humourists intent on defining poetry and wit, humour and burlesque, and an unprofitable business it has proved in their hands. The old play-title *Wit at Several Weapons* rightly expresses their true functions. Let them leave the analysis of properties and principles to the philosophers. What was natural to Hobbes or Locke is superfluous in Hazlitt or Hunt. It was the critical instinct probably in such writers that led them to interpret the philosophic oracles after their own fancies, from which much darkness and confusion have resulted. Mr. Burnand's burlesques of fiction, which we heartily greet once more as *Some Old Friends*, remind us of the fine distinctions set up by ancient authorities concerning burlesque and parody. Most people are content to regard these two as one, and so, in practice, they frequently are. Pure burlesque has of late years almost departed from the stage. Of parody that confines itself mainly to mere externals we have current examples enough. The Burnandian illustrations in *Some Old Friends* exemplify various kinds of burlesque and the points of affinity between burlesque and parody. In *Strapmore*—the delightful, the ever-green *Strapmore*—the elements of burlesque and parody are cunningly mingled. Here are the clever simulation and deft masquerade that are proper to parody. And here, also, we have that close and external study of the model as regards felicities of phrase and epithet, the art of mimicry, in short, which belongs wholly to parody. But these things are not essential to burlesque, excepting for stage representation, and some of the finest passages of burlesque in Mr. Burnand's volume are entirely independent of them. The artist in burlesque does not adhere to an oblique or perverse representation of the manner or style of his subject. Were he to do this merely, he might give a diverting caricature or skit, just as certain laborious landscape-painters give us copies of external or visual scenes that are nothing but parodies of nature. But it is in raising the spirit of the model the triumph of burlesque lies, and a strange, vexed ghost it is that haunts the pages of *Strapmore*. With *One-and-Three*, included in the present volume, and *Chikken Hazard*, this admirable example must be placed in the first rank of the author's burlesques. *Strapmore*, indeed, is glorified "Weeder." No lower place, certainly, is the meed of *One-and-Three*, to

\* *Some Old Friends*. By F. C. Burnand. London: Bradbury, Agnew, & Co. 1892.

*The New History of Sandford and Merton*. By F. C. Burnand. London: Bradbury, Agnew, & Co. 1892.

\* *Norway and the Norwegians*. By C. F. Keary, M.A., F.S.A., Author of "The Vikings in Western Christendom," "The Mythology of the Eddas," &c. London: Percival & Co. 1892.

which we have turned, after a recent reading of the great original, to renew the unforgettably experienced on its appearance years ago in *Punch*. Mr. Burnand was not merely audacious when he styled this work a translation. There are episodes, such as the Titanic struggle between the Kettle and the Cook that are certainly "translation," and of an uncommonly subtle kind. For the rest, the volume includes *The Beadle*, that amusing version of Trollope; *Injyable Injia*, after Mr. Val Prinsep, and *Across the Keep-it-Dark Continent*—all five works accompanied by the original drawings of Mr. Linley Sambourne.

The *New History of Sandford and Merton* is writ in another style, and in a more exuberant humour. Tommy and Harry and Mr. Barlow are translated, it is true, though it is in the manner of Bottom. The author has let himself go, as it were, and shows little or nothing of the artistic restraint and the artistic sympathy that mark the exemplary works we have discussed above. In the narrative, especially, we are not in touch with the old *Sandford and Merton*, and the perplexed ghost of Thomas Day cannot be said to have suffered a Burnandian change. We lack the equivalents to the solemn, the sententious, the didactic addresses of the old Barlow. But the improving tales of the new Barlow are prettily conceived and of a pleasant humour, and the moral ballads that serve to soothe Harry at bedtime are excellent. And Mr. Sambourne has illustrated these moving lays in a thoroughly congenial spirit.

#### COMINGES.\*

THIS account of the embassy of Cominges to the Court of Charles II., and of *La célèbre ambassade* into which it grew, is a very pleasing addition to the list of most agreeable books which M. Jusserand has written on our history and literature. Not the least charming thing about it is the style. M. Jusserand writes excellent English without ceasing to be thoroughly French, and his language has a certain seventeenth-century flavour which is very individual and attractive. The subject he has chosen suits him exactly. It gives opportunities for the use of curious out-of-the-way knowledge, and invites the employment of M. Jusserand's good-natured and somewhat ironical humour. Cominges succeeded D'Estrades as ambassador when that diplomatist had the misfortune to be worsted in the historic street fight with the following of the Spanish Ambassador. M. Jusserand gives an amusing account of that famous diplomatic scandal, not concealing the fact that his countrymen were worsted, nor asserting that their defeat was due to the intervention of the mob and the guards who crossed the fight. He quotes one English account which records that "an ancient man of the Spanish party disputed several passes with six Frenchmen." Don Quixote would have much applauded that ancient man. Cominges remained in England, at first alone, and then in co-operation with Courtin and the Duc de Verneuil, till the French King took active part with the Dutch in the naval war. The three together composed the *célèbre ambassade* which was formed by Lewis to avert the Dutch war, if possible, or at least to provide him with an excuse for not intervening. M. Jusserand gives as full a sketch of the international politics of the time as is required to place his men. His tone is that of a writer who understands and is friendly to England without ceasing to be a good Frenchman—of which tone far be it from us to complain. His contrast between Lewis and Charles is fair; but an Englishman may remember that if our Merry Monarch had been a more laborious and conscientious man he might have been a far worse King. At least, with all his indolence, and his inability to say no to his Castlemaines and such persons, he did nothing to turn England from her natural course towards the sea, colonies, and commerce. He left England richer in all the elements of strength than he found her. In what state Lewis left France we need not tell M. Jusserand.

The interest of the volume lies only in a very minor degree in the diplomatic work of the Ambassador. Its real value is that it gives a picture of the political, literary, and social condition of England between 1660 and 1665 as it appeared to a very able Frenchman. Cominges, with some limitations and drawbacks, was an excellent witness. He knew nothing about England till he landed in it, and as a matter of course he never knew any English. Comte d'Evinchères for Earl of Devonshire and Caquiers or Kakers for Quakers are fair examples of his attempts to spell English names. To be sure our own spelling was wild enough at the time. Readers of the "Verney Family" will remember that Lady Sussex, a very clever woman, calls a Catholic a

\* *A French Ambassador at the Court of Charles the Second—Le Comte de Cominges. From his Unpublished Correspondence. By J. J. Jusserand, Conseiller d'Ambassade. With Portraits. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1892.*

"Casicoleke." After that Cominges's Caquiers does not look extreme. But, if the Ambassador had no English, he had a keen desire to understand affairs and a very shrewd eye for the meaning of facts. At the request of the King he even made a study of the condition of literature in England. It does not appear to have added much to the knowledge he brought with him, which was limited to the names of Bacon, "Morus," Buchanan, and "un nommé Miltonius," "who has rendered himself more infamous by his noxious writings than the very tormentors and assassins of their King." He knew those who had written in Latin, and them only; but he made the acquaintance of Hobbes, and asked him to dinner. His inquiries into the political condition of the country were more extensive, or have been better preserved. Indeed, they do him no small credit. The English monarchy and its Parliament must have filled Cominges with profound astonishment. Yet he went to work to understand them, and was by no means unsuccessful. Here, for instance, is an English constitution in a nutshell, which is not without merit:—

"If Aristotle [Cominges knew the classics], who attempted to define even the smallest things pertaining to politics, were to come again to this world, he could not find words to explain the manner of this Government. It has a monarchical appearance, as there is a King, but at bottom it is very far from being a monarchy. . . . Whether this is caused by the fundamental laws of the kingdom, or by the carelessness of the King, herein lies the difficulty. . . . It is true that the disposition of the laws of the country has limited in such a way the powers both of the King and his subjects that they seem to be joined by indissoluble ties in such a manner that, if one of the two parties were wanting, the other would go to ruin."

When due allowance is made for the meaning of the word monarchy to a Frenchman at that time, it will be seen that Cominges had really made a fairly good guess at the root of the matter. He and the diplomatists joined with him show a certain admiration of Parliament. They even call it "auguste," although the freedom allowed to all men to speak their minds looked suspiciously like anarchy. The religious condition of the country went, however, fairly beyond Cominges. He could only lift his hands in amazement.

The graver matters are most agreeably varied by copious accounts of the Court of Charles. They are all written in the tone of the best kind of French man of the world and gentleman in the most strict sense of the word. They have also a freedom which, as M. Jusserand justly observes, has been killed by Blue-books. The King, with his indolence and his good-nature, his mistresses, and his taste for ships, plays a naturally prominent part. On the whole, it is to the honour of Charles, and leaves the impression that he was a pleasant person to deal with as long as he was not asked to take trouble or make really disagreeable sacrifices. Lady Castlemaine, Miss Stewart, and Miss Jennings—not Sarah, but the elder sister, who had the ill-luck to marry "lying Dick Talbot"—are often named. There is a casual mention of Grammont, and of the influence "two rather troublesome brothers" had on his marriage; which, we grieve to learn, turned him into "such a downright liar as to stand matchless in the world." Drinking is frequently mentioned. Monk, it is recorded, excited the admiration of the town by seeing a whole company under the table, and then going to Parliament as usual, "with his mind and thoughts nothing impaired." Again, we hear of a dinner at the Spanish Ambassador's, during which the coachmen of the guests all got drunk. The guests had to borrow coachmen from the Marquis de Molina; whereupon all the English servants who were not too far gone to stand resented this intrusion, and there was a free fight. We notice with pleasure that one of Cominges's colleagues, Courtin, amused himself during the Plague by reading *Amadis*. So Cervantes did not kill the tales of Chivalry so very speedily.

#### THE RACEHORSE.\*

IF it were possible—which it is not—for a man to learn how to train racehorses from written words, instead of by experience slowly and laboriously acquired, the book under review would be more likely to guide him to success than any hitherto published; which is saying a great deal, considering the multitude of counsellors who have given to the world their wisdom in the matter of horseflesh. Unfortunately there is no royal road to fortune on the turf any more than in other industries, a belief

\* *The Race Horse: How to Buy, Train, and Run Him. By Lieut.-Colonel Warburton, R.E. London: Sampson Low, Marston, & Co.*



to the contrary held by so many being, as the author admits, the reason why it has become almost an axiom that racing means ruin, though nothing can be more obviously true than that "the apprenticeship which qualifies an uneducated lad to undertake at a later period the charge of a racing stable would, of course, qualify one superior to him in this respect for the task." Alas! that it should be necessary to add, "This is an ordeal to which few gentlemen will submit." Why should they not? Surely the profession of a trainer is, to say the least of it, as honourable as stockbroking, towards which yearn the hearts of our gently-born but ungilded youth.

Much, however, may be learnt from these pages by the experienced as well as by those who are beginners at the "great game"; and should a man find himself, as was often the case with Colonel Warburton, in out-of-the-way places where, if he races at all, he must rely largely on his own resources, he has here a text-book which will enable him to see his way through, if not to steer clear of, difficulties which might otherwise be insurmountable. For Colonel Warburton understands the thoroughbred horse in all his ways as few writers have understood him, and perceives that, his life being more purely artificial than that even of the hunter or carriage-horse, so he must be watched, cared for, and comforted beyond what is necessary for his humbler fellows. Only by incessant attention both in and out of the stable can the race-horse be brought fit to the post; unfit, he is, except perhaps for ulterior purposes, utterly useless in his vocation. How to bring him to the condition known as fitness is the task which Colonel Warburton has undertaken and has accomplished with the hand of a master.

The first chapter is perhaps the weakest, as he endeavours to instruct his readers in the art of "procuring"—i.e. buying—the yearling. There never was and, most luckily for breeders, never will be, any rule of eye or thumb whereby the future capabilities of these youngsters can be gauged; action in the paddock may, of course, enable a stud-groom to make a more or less accurate guess, but it is not his business to extol one portion of his employer's property to the detriment of another; and how many buyers have the chance of seeing yearlings in a paddock? So the author is at last fain to confess that "After all that can be said and taught, there is in the buying of a yearling something that can never be communicated . . . the perception of it lies in the man—is, like the gift of painting or music, born with him; and in it lies, as in other arts, the true cause of success."

The minutiae of stable and saddle-room, their respective requirements, fittings, and appurtenances, have been so often well described by various writers that it is here sufficient to say that Colonel Warburton is inferior to none of his precursors in this branch of his business; and the same remark equally applies to the chapter on Food, though in treating of forage and the various grasses which make the best hay he displays a little bit of botanical knowledge distinctly rare amongst horsemen—namely, that he supposes the smooth stalked meadow-grass (*Poa pratensis*) to be the same thing as blue-grass. Such is certainly the fact; though, judging from articles by most American and many English pens, one would almost suppose that Kentucky had a monopoly of what is in reality quite a common herbage. The instructions on indoor management are good and simple; they consist, of course, of a description of the routine observed in every well-ordered training establishment. But it must be borne in mind that Colonel Warburton writes chiefly for the benefit of those who essay to be their own trainers, so nothing here set down can be deemed superfluous. The amateur may, indeed, have some trouble in getting his lads to be quiet, methodical, and painstaking enough to carry out these precepts, since it is most true that "it requires as much coolness and patience in the dressing of some horses as in the riding of others." Also that "when a boy knows how to dress an awkward horse, and can patiently bear with what he may be inclined to do, he becomes as valuable in the stable to the trainer as a good riding-boy is out of it." They can, at any rate, refrain from irritating their charges, who like most stupid beings are unduly sensitive, by shouting, pointing at them, or otherwise upsetting their nerves and temper. In the chapter on riding are some good stories, notably one about the match between Hesper and Lowlander, at Newmarket in 1876, which is quite new, as well it may be, seeing that things did not really happen as here described. For Mr. A. Baltazzi, not Captain Lane, was the owner of Hesper; it was Captain Machell who gave 2,000*l.* for the horse after the race, instead of Mr. Baltazzi giving 2,500*l.*; and Maidment rode, not Constable, who Colonel Warburton avers was put up on his recommendation, as having previously ridden the three-year-old in trials and races; and, finally, the odds on Lowlander were not 12 to 1, but 9 to 2. It is odd that the gallant Colonel should have made so many mistakes about this matter, as Hesper had only

passed out of his possession during the previous autumn, and he was naturally much interested in the event. Want of confidence, however, either in his memory or methods, is certainly not one of his failings. All through the book he has the courage of his opinions, though they are often—sometimes most materially—at variance with those of the highest authorities, as will presently be shown. It may, perhaps, be an open question whether the best jockeyship is required for a long or for a short race, the majority of turfites rather inclining to a belief that the longer the distance the greater need is there of judgment on the part of the rider. Colonel Warburton—and we agree with him—is emphatically of the other way of thinking, and gives in support the very excellent reason that the less time there is for retrieving mistakes the more urgent the necessity for not making any; but awe mingles with our admiration when we find him sneering at such an article of faith as "staying sires" for the improvement of our general breed—a doctrine which, if we may judge from the tendency of recent legislation, is included in the Jockey Club creed. He attains, however, the culminating point of his audacity when he openly declares that "the immorality of pulling horses is purely conventional," and that it is just as bad to run a horse unfit as to pull him! It is almost impossible to understand how a man of Colonel Warburton's experience can fail to see the difference; he is too a staunch upholder of betting, yet he must be aware that the late Lord Falmouth was practically right when he said, "If you want to abolish betting, legalize pulling, and the thing is done."

The advice contained in the chapters on training and trials is nearly all sound and good. With regard to both processes there are some excellent maxims laid down. Study the idiosyncrasies of each individual horse. Endeavour that the ground over which you try should be as nearly as possible similar in its gradients to the course over which the race will be run. Give your horses plenty of fresh air and exercise, but feed and clothe them well. If it is suggested that they should be lightly clad in winter, consider how you would like it yourself. Above all things, remember that a racehorse is always going up or down hill in point of condition, and that he is very rarely on the summit. Change your exercise ground as often as possible, horses being as liable to boredom as men. Such and suchlike are the keynotes of the author's teaching, but he surprises us when he specifies the manner in which a two-year-old should be tried for an early engagement. He says, "a fair selling plater will try a first-class two-year-old in the spring, and if the latter can beat the former at even weights, he may be deemed very near the top of the tree." He may, indeed; but if by spring is meant the month of March, before the Brocklesby, such a trial at that time of year would cut the heart out of most young ones. Perhaps after this we ought not to be astonished at the statement that he never heard of the winner of the Feather Plate at Newmarket being any the worse for what appears to be an unduly severe test. Of course, he quotes "Nougat"—everybody does when speaking of that particular race—but it would puzzle him to name another animal that was ever worth a row of pins after winning it.

Colonel Warburton's chief fault is want of accuracy, where he has no excuse for not being accurate, since a racing man writing on his favourite topic is seldom far out of reach of the Book Calendar. One instance of this carelessness has already been pointed out in the case of the race, reduced to a match, between Hesper and Lowlander; another most flagrant error occurs where, on the occasion of a memorable objection to the judge's decision, Peeping Tom is represented as having been placed first and St. Leger second for the Newmarket Handicap. What really took place was the exact reverse of this; St. Leger was placed first and Peeping Tom second; the partisans of the latter objected and were overruled. Captain Bastard, the whole or part owner of Peeping Tom, had never been either an optimist or philanthropist, his notions of duty to his neighbour being obscured by too keen a perception of his neighbour's duty to him; but after this disappointment to say that he saw everything *en noir* is to convey too cheerful a view of his estimate of human nature.

The volume concludes with a few recipes for some of the commoner complaints to which racing horseflesh is subject. These prescriptions are all safe and tolerably simple. Colonel Warburton is a great advocate for the application of arnica to strains; it is undoubtedly a useful and not sufficiently used remedy; it has moreover the advantage of being held in esteem by stablemen, for it is more expensive than hot or cold water.

## ETHNOLOGY IN FOLKLORE.\*

ANTHROPOLOGISTS and folklorists, who are much the same kind of people, take very little heed of ethnology, as a rule. They study man in his institutions, and they do not see that his particular "race" greatly affects his early ways and their survival among his later manners. It is clear that the white races have a greater capacity for civilization, that they become civilized more rapidly than negroes or Bushmen. But anthropologists think that we learn nothing of value when we are taught to speak about Aryan, Semitic, Turanian, and the rest. We do not know what makes people Aryan or Semitic; we do not believe that Aryans or Semites began differently from other races; we only say that they did struggle, from similar beginnings, into a more polite form of society. We object to talk about Aryan ideas, or Semitic ideas or customs. These can mean nothing but ideas or customs prevalent at a certain stage, among people speaking a Semitic or an Aryan language. The terms are terms of philology, not of anthropology. Of the pure races, as they were before the mixtures of uncounted centuries, we have no information, beyond the distrusted inferences of philologists.

Mr. Gomme, in his book *Ethnology in Folklore*, tries to disengage, as it were, the Aryan element in our civilization from the persisting lower element, maintained by lower races whom the Aryans conquered, and who communicated some of their notions to their new masters. In his opinion, just as Christianity arrested some phases of belief, and left them to survive among the imperfectly converted, so the Aryan conquest in Europe arrested savage ideas, and left them to struggle on among persons of savage descent, especially in rude and remote districts. The analogy helps us little. We know what new ideas Christianity brought in, we know what old ideas it rejected, and also what ancient rites and modes of thought or of ritual it modified and accepted into its own popular faith and into its own ceremonial. There is abundant evidence on these heads. But we do not know what ideas and usages the Aryans, coming whence we cannot tell, found among the races they conquered. Here we may guess, however, that the faiths and rites were on a pretty low level, whether that of Australians, Bushmen, Red Indians, New Zealanders, or what not. It is only guessing; but probably a good deal of rather low savage material was on the ground occupied by Aryans. That is in the nature of things. But what new notions and ways did the Aryans bring? Which of the customs or creeds found in Aryan countries are pure Aryan, which were adopted and modified by the conquerors from those which they found among the vanquished? Nobody can tell. We do not know when the Aryans came, or whence they came, or in what state of culture they came. We have no evidence but that which etymologists wring from tortured Aryan roots. Had they cities, or did the root denoting "city" only mean a circle, a camp, or a clay fort, in these dark and distant times? They worshipped the sky, let us say, because a word for sky is a word for a god in many Aryan languages. But in what sense did they worship the sky—as a person, as a place, as a symbol of the Infinite? Nobody knows, nor can any one prove that the lower conquered races did not worship the sky also, 'tis very probable. They had names for domestic relationships, suppose, as father, mother, son, daughter, brother, also "those of the same milk," "those of the same trough" in Greece. But how did they conceive of these relationships? Had they female kinship or male? The Totemistic rule of kin may perfectly well prevail among races who know "father," "mother," "daughter," "son." Were the Aryans when they came Totemistic? Nobody can tell us, but this question illustrates the whole problem.

The ancient Greek families very frequently traced their origin to a God who made love in the shape of a beast. Apollo was a dog when he begat Telmessus, Zeus was a swan when he begat Helen, an ant when he became the source of a Thessalian line, a bull when he carried off Europa. Now the most obvious explanation of such absurd tales is that kindreds had already, in savage fashion, claimed descent from a dog, a swan, or an ant. Becoming more civilized, they determined that the dog, or ant, or swan, had been a God in disguise. Thus, in modern India, tribes descended from beasts now make out that each beast was a saint of the same name, a Spencerian theory suited to their weak minds. Well, if Mr. Gomme be right, how does his theory work? Did civilized Aryans, family-men, find a set of Totemists in Europe, and did they adopt and adapt their theory of descents from animals? Or did they bring the legend with them from the celebrated cradle of the Aryan race, wherever that may have been? On the former hypothesis, the conduct of the Aryans is

very little to their credit. On the latter, they brought their own savagery, in survival, with them, and owed nothing to their conquered subjects. But surely it is plain that we are quite in the dark, arguing without evidence. We cannot possibly know either in what stage of religion the Aryan invaders were, nor what were the differences in this matter between them and their subjects.

Mr. Gomme takes the element of bear-worship in the cult of Artemis. How did the bear get in, how did the goddess get out? Mr. Gomme says, "The science of folklore would take note of the points of arrested development, and classify what has survived in the savage stage and what is represented in the higher stages as being of two distinct ethnic origins." The bear would be a surviving sacred bear of the conquered, the goddess would be the introduction of the conquering Aryans. They would be amalgamated in the cult of Brauron, in Attica, and of Arcadia. But, for all we know, the invading Aryans may have brought the bear with them, as the invading English brought the white horse. How can we found a theory on facts with which we are not acquainted? Then we have the custom of daubing persons initiate in mysteries with clay or dirt. It is a Greek custom, and a savage custom, and Mr. Gomme gives some curious instances in English folklore, which he regards as parallels. The significance is as obvious as the significance of baptism in the Church or among the Maoris. In baptism the natural impurities are washed away. In the rite of the Mysteries the previous uninitiated stage is visibly represented by the daubing of clay, which is afterwards removed, as the initiate enters the new life. Now, who on earth can have the *toupet* to maintain that the Aryan conquerors, whenever and whencesoever they came, were already too civilized to have this rite of their own, while they were uncivilized enough to accept it greedily, and keep it up till Demosthenes's time, when once they met with it among the conquered? Such a position is purely arbitrary and wilful; we have literally no shred of evidence on the matter. Did the Aryans inherit or borrow the trick? Nobody knows; nobody should pretend to be certain. The Aryans, we presume at least, began as savages. They did not come polite and refined into the world. If, then, in their original state no better than other people, they evolved a curious and disgusting symbolism in a religious rite, when would they give it up? And, if they were so refined as to have abandoned it before reaching Greece, why were they so unrefined as to jump at it when they came across it? Without contemporary testimony, which is out of our reach, we merely argue in the air. We may call the custom Greek, because it was a Greek custom. Whether it was original or borrowed we cannot know. We, at least, will not argue that the Aryans of India, or elsewhere, had not a custom, because non-Aryans have that custom. An *obiter dictum* of a hypothetical kind by Mr. Tylor cannot bind us to adopt such an illogical conclusion.

As a modern instance of his thesis, Mr. Gomme cites an Indian village rite, in which the low castes, Parias and shepherds, do divers and disgusting things answering to the Greek Thesmophoria, Bouphonia, and stone-worship. Boys and men of good caste also rolled "in the mass of putrid gore," but the ritual is mainly Paria. He adds very curious rites of English folklore, in which he is extremely learned. His argument is that the ritual is savage, non-Aryan, and survives among non-Aryans and their descendants. Now, the analogies hardly hold good. There were no castes in Greece, the Bouphonia and Thesmophoria were done by Athenians of good family. In India, the Parias do the dirty work; they always do. We cannot argue that their non-Aryan ancestors invented it, while Aryans merely looked on. As to the non-Aryan inhabitants of this isle of Albion, pre-Celtic, whose rites survive, our knowledge is more than limited. Mr. Gomme's Paria example is interesting, if it scarcely proves the point. High-caste natives of India leave Parias to do disgusting rites. Similar rites were done 2000 years ago by high-caste Greeks. We can scarcely argue hence that the Aryans in Greece were less particular than the Aryans in India.

Mr. Gomme has not converted us to Aryanism; but his collection of peasant customs, ingeniously linked with very ancient institutions, is valuable, curious, and very well done. The book is one of the most original and entertaining in recent anthropological literature, and may persuade readers not so obstinate as ourselves that the Aryan was a considerable religious and social reformer.

## NEW PRINT.

WE have received from Mr. Robert Dunthorne, of Vigo Street, a large mezzotint, on Japanese paper, of Rossetti's "Beata Beatrix," now in the National Gallery. The disposition of this picture is well known. Beatrice sits in a trance, with

\* *Ethnology in Folklore*. By J. L. Gomme, F.S.A. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, & Co.



head thrown back, eyes closed, and hands loosely held together in her lap. In the words of the *Vita Nuova*, she "gloriosamente mira nella faccia di colui qui est per omnia secula benedictus." A crested bird flies to lay a poppy on her hands. In the far background is seen a phantasmal vision, as in a sunset, of Florence laid desolate, and in the middle distance Dante and Love, with the flaming heart in his hand, walk, and glance at one another with apprehension.

The figure of Beatrix is said by the biographers of Rossetti to be a portrait of the painter's wife, but, as she died in 1862, and as the picture is much later than this, it must have been painted from memory. The year in which it was executed seems uncertain. Mr. Fairfax Murray says it was begun in 1866; we ourselves saw it in Rossetti's studio, apparently completed, in 1870, but a still later date is commonly given for it. The mezzotint is signed by Mr. Fred Miller, a pupil of the late C. W. Campbell, in whom English art suffered so severe a loss. It cannot be said that Mr. Miller has achieved to the full the delicacy and distinction of Campbell, but he carries on with refinement the pure tradition of his master. In drawing the work is excellent, but Campbell would have avoided the dirty look of the face and throat, and the spottiness of the background behind the figure of Love, where the plate seems afflicted with incipient mildew.

#### FRENCH LITERATURE.

**T**WELFTH in number is the volume, the stout and portly volume, of his studies of the history of Europe in the eighteenth century that the Duke of Broglie (1) has now brought forth—a rather appalling tale of books, well informed and well written as they are. And this volume is devoted to the single year 1748—indeed, to a single event of that year, the Peace of Aix la Chapelle. It is true that this peace is a very important turning-point in the history of France, and of Europe; that not a little in it, and still more in its circumstances, prepared for the Seven Years' War which was so fatal to the former, and that it had also very important effects on the policy of English statesmen, as opposed to that of the reigning English dynasty. It is also true that nobody is so well qualified as the Duke either to tell its history, or to draw conclusions and reflections from the telling. But still three hundred large pages seem something of an extensive canvas for so small a part of so large a picture.

The full title of M. Séailles's work on Lionardo is *Léonard de Vinci, l'artiste et le savant; essai de biographie psychologique* (2). In reference to some artists this title might make one echo *sotto voce* Gyp's "Ohé! les psychologues," shrug the shoulders, and pass, neither reasoning nor even regarding further. Lionardo, however, is so well known to have bestowed attention on many things besides art that M. Séailles's attempt is fairly justifiable, and so much of the great painter's scattered notes have now been published (as M. Séailles says, only the parts stored in England, which are in some ways the most valuable of all, are still wanting as wholes) that he had a good matter to indite of. He says, rather well, that the note of Da Vinci is an interpenetration of science and art; and this is a thing rare enough and remarkable enough to deserve even the minute study of a volume of more than five hundred pages.

General Jarras, a rapidly-forgetting world may need to be reminded, had the extreme bad luck to be Chief of the Staff of the Army of the Rhine in 1870, and to be taken in Metz with Bazaine. As was inevitable, he did not escape blame in the circumstances; but we do not remember that any very serious amount of it was cast on him. These *Souvenirs* (3), posthumously published, are, of course, to some extent a vindication; but they rather take the form of a history of the affairs in which he was engaged, with a sort of running criticism, or at least commentary, on other accounts of the same affairs which have been made public. Except for specialists, this hardly makes the most attractive or readable kind of book. On the other hand, the military student and historian in general, and the student and historian of 1870 in particular, will, of course, have to take account of General Jarras. For others it may be almost sufficient to say that he complains of Bazaine's treating him "like a secretary," and never admitting him in the very least to his confidence.

In one of the personal stories which diversify Prince Lubomirski's impossible, but interesting, History of his own Times (4), he represents himself as informing a small sovereign

who was disturbed as to matter of precedence between himself (Prince Lubomirski) and a mushroom prince, that he did not care a straw about the matter; that, as a friend he advised the sovereign to give the *pas* to the mushroom, who was a financial mushroom, but that, as a matter of historic truth, the mushroom "n'était pas plus prince que ma pantoufle," while there were not fifty princes in Europe who were such princes as he, Prince Lubomirski. We sincerely trust that there are not fifty who are at this moment writing volumes of nine hundred pages about the events of four years. It may be thought that in this notice we count pages too frequently, but we have seldom more fully realized the sudden fright which came upon the apostle when he seemed to see an apocalyptic world with books bulging out of it on all sides into the vast inane. Here, for instance, is Prince Lubomirski. He is frequently amusing, always independent, and whether he is talking of M. "Eocrett," whose name in the flesh we suspect to be "Everett," or hinting candidly that, though General Walker was a filibuster, the British officer who handed him over to his doom was only a representative of a Power which is filibustering incarnate (not that the Prince is by any means an unmitigated Anglophobe), we can within limits read him with pleasure. But nine hundred pages!

M. Demetrius Georgiades's *La Turquie actuelle* (5) contrasts rather strikingly with M. Mismar's *Souvenirs du monde musulman*, which we recently noticed. We did not always agree with M. Mismar, but his book was solid. M. Georgiades, we are afraid, can hardly receive that praise. His volume is partly strung together out of the writing of other men—M. de Kératry, M. de Réglas, Kassin Bey—partly composed of "coffee-house babble," served up by a violent Mouradist and opponent of the present Sultan. Part of it is devoted to "Les intérêts des Français en Orient," and the whole reads somewhat like (and may possibly be, for M. Georgiades admits the soft impeachment of journalism) a collection of newspaper articles. However, we desire to speak with all proper respect of a book "the present French edition of which is to be followed by others in Turkish, Greek, Russian, Arabic, and Armenian." We can only say, "Can it be true, you lucky man?" as Luttrell said, or sang, to Moore, on the much less complicated feat of being translated into the Persian tongue.

The short and glorious life of Marceau (6) has supplied M. Noël Parfait with material for a book which no doubt will remain the standard on the subject. "Like Paris handsome, and like Hector brave," Marceau had the advantage of both these aristos (not in being a Republican, but) in dying young, and honoured both by friend and foe. If he fought against his loyal countrymen in La Vendée, he was unstained by the cruelty of his side (to be quite honest, let us say, of both sides), and more than once tried to rescue Royalist victims—notably, a certain Angélique des Mesliers—and he met his death in defending the frontiers of France. The book has several portraits and other illustrations.

#### NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

**A DAY at Laguerre's, and other Days**, by F. Hopkinson Smith (Osgood, McIlvaine, & Co.), comprises recollections by a painter of wanderings in Europe and the United States, or, as the writer puts it, a record of idle days stolen from a busy life. If we are not mistaken, some of these nine sketches of holidays in Venice and Cordova, Sofia and Stamboul, have previously appeared in print in conjunction with sketches of another kind. They have enough life and character, however, to bear this present divorce from the artist's portfolio. Mr. Hopkinson Smith's sketches are pleasant reading. There is a sufficiency of "relation" in them—for in almost all there is something of a story to set forth—to give due subordination to the artistic qualities of atmosphere, colour, architecture, costume, and other matters in which the writer naturally delights. The account of the old French riverside inn, Laguerre's, suggests to the meditative reader other visions of Arcadian peace, itself the fair originator of fair pictures—the soothing process, in fact, of mental picture-making. Picturesque in another sense are the sketches where incident is a motive, as in "An Escapade in Cordova," "Captain Joe," "A Bulgarian Opéra Bouffe." Slight as the material is, it is handled vivaciously, with crispness, and the product is a genuine sketch as painters understand the term. Very unlike the general run of American books is this pretty volume, for both type and paper are agreeable to the eye and the hand, as books from the "Riverside Press" are wont to be.

*Pictures from Roman Life and Story*, by the Rev. A. J. Church (Hutchinson & Co.), must be placed in a class of books which, if

(1) *La paix d'Aix la Chapelle*. Par le duc de Broglie. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(2) *Léonard de Vinci, l'artiste et le savant*. Par Gabriel Séailles. Paris: Perrin.

(3) *Souvenirs du Général Jarras*. Paris: Plon.

(4) *L'Italie et la Pologne, 1860-1864*. Par le prince Lubomirski. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(5) *La Turquie actuelle*. Par Demetrius Georgiades. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(6) *Le Général Marceau*. Par Noël Parfait. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

numbers are a test of prosperity, must be very popular. Such books recall the once favourite volumes of elegant extracts from the British poets and dramatists. It matters not what titles the extractor of history may use, whether pictures, or gems, or cameos, or miniatures, or "lives of great men," or "all-reminders," the fit generic description of the class is "elegant extracts." Whether he draws on Tacitus, or Suetonius, or Pliny directly, or is himself the narrator of historic events, Mr. Church knows how to adapt the material to the tastes and needs of the general reader. His selection of subjects, too, shows the experienced hand. In addition to stirring pictures of Rome from the age of Augustus to that of Marcus Aurelius, we have portraits of famous writers and warriors, such as Agricola as "a great captain"; Pliny the younger as "a Roman gentleman"; Martial, as "a fashionable poet," described by himself in a letter to a friend; and "A Day with Horace," a picturesque epistle from a Greek philosopher to a friend, descriptive of a visit to Horace and Mecenas. These latter diversions pleasantly vary the old stories of tyrant emperors, and "old, unhappy far-off things" of history, and are the most attractive chapters in the volume. Horace's Greek visitor, by the way, was ill-served when he partook of a "tough and tasteless" peacock. Your peacock, if young and in good hands, is by no means a poor meat.

*Love in Earnest*, by J. F. Nicholson (Elliot Stock), is a volume of exceedingly fluent verse, chiefly sonnets, the one notable feature of which is a mechanical smoothness. In spite of Wordsworth, a sonnet-sequence is a perversion of a metrical form in which very few poets have excelled. Mr. Nicholson's sequence of fifty sonnets is indescribably monotonous. One sonnet is precisely like another, and the style is mellifluous insipidity. Then we have ten sonnets on Coleridge's *Ancient Mariner*—a most unpoetic exercise in barren surplusage.

*Sketches from Nature* (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, & Co.), "a book of verse," by "Shiela," is compact of harmless rhyming, neither bad nor good, but perfectly undistinguished.

*Round the Camp Fire*, by Edith H. Hirst (Digby, Long, & Co.), comprises verse that is described as Australian, though it is marked by no trace of spiritual affinity with the verse of Gordon, nor any but the most superficial relation to the land that inspired him.

A piece of fiction more slack-jointed than Mr. George Motley's *Legend and Romance* (Digby, Long, & Co.) we cannot remember. As a whole, it cannot be dealt with. Portions of the patchwork are not ill written, other portions set you pondering on the shortness of life and the length of art as the novelist takes it. In the midst of a fairly coherent narrative, Mr. Motley suddenly plunges into a wild and weird episode of a jealous gipsy girl who causes her faithless lover to be murdered as he is driving "by carriage and alone" from Dartmouth to Torquay. This astounding incident helps the story "no forrader." These Dartmoor gipsies, by the way, rejoice in operatic names, such as Elvira and Giuseppe.

We are glad to note the appearance of a new edition of Mr. Andrew Lang's fine poem *Helen of Troy* (Bell & Sons).

A good many people are interested at this season of the year in maps and map-making. *The Maps of the Ordnance Survey* (Manchester: Cornish) is a brochure by Mr. Henry T. Crook, C.E., that deals with Ordnance maps from two points of view—"as they are, and as they ought to be"—in a suggestive and critical spirit.

*Through Northern Seas* (Jarrold & Sons), by William Winter Campion, is descriptive of a pleasure-trip to Norway, and is illustrated by some fairly good photographic plates. Although Mr. Campion's preface is dated last month, and the notes of his tour were penned last autumn, the title-page is marked "third edition"—a mark of appreciation of an unpretentious little book.

*An Arctic Eden*, by Durham Griffith (Skeffington & Son), is "a tale of Norway," in which English girls and Norwegian lovers figure, and the course of true love, as becomes a sentimental story, is a trifle rough, owing to the devices of a scheming English matron, who plays the part of serpent in the Norwegian Eden. It is a simple story, however, and by no means moving.

To taste the humour of *Splay-Foot Splashings*, by "Goosestep" (Leadenhall Press), it is necessary to know the City and be not forgetful of its annals, or there is much that is cryptic in these verses of a poet whose effusions are dated "Lloyd's," and who sings of markets and rings, and bulls and bears, stocks and shares. Some of his themes are already ancient, if not forgotten, history; and time has made them a trifle musty. Such are his spritely lays of the Copper ring, his epigrams on M. Secrétan, and so forth.

A boon to young cricketers is a reprint of certain chapters out of *Cricket*, by Dr. W. G. Grace—*Batting, Bowling, Fielding*

(Bristol: Arrowsmith)—which supplies the schoolboy with the best advice in brief space and in practical fashion.

The new half-yearly volume of the *Newbery House Magazine* (Griffith, Farran, & Co.) is stored with excellent articles on a variety of topics of current or perennial interest to all classes of Church people. A wise liberality in interpreting what is termed "family reading" has, from the first, distinguished this periodical, and there can be no question that the ideal is an enlightened one.

Among other periodicals, or reissues, we note Part VIII. of the late J. R. Green's *Short History of the English People* (Macmillan & Co.); Sidney's *Book of the Horse*, revised and brought up to date (Cassell & Co.); Part XVI. of *Cassell's Storehouse of General Information*, a handy encyclopædia, very well illustrated; the current number of *L'Art* (Paris: Librairie de L'Art), attractive as to text and illustrations, as usual; and *Fashions of To-day* (Sampson Low & Co.), the English edition of that deservedly popular journal, *La Mode Pratique*.

New editions are to hand of *The Elements of Drawing*, by John Ruskin, illustrated by the author (George Allen); *Life in the Royal Navy*, by T. Holman (Sampson Low & Co.); *Studies in Scottish History*, "chiefly ecclesiastical," by A. Taylor Innes (Hodder & Stoughton); *In the Days of My Youth*, sermons by Archdeacon Farrar (Macmillan & Co.); *Saintly Workers*, lectures by Archdeacon Farrar (Macmillan & Co.); *The Protestant Episcopal Layman's Handbook* (Toronto: Hart; London: Arnold); *Oliver Twist* and *Nicholas Nickleby* (Macmillan & Co.); *Madcap Violet*, by William Black (Sampson Low & Co.); *Hogan, M.P.* (Macmillan & Co.); *Who is the Heir?* by Mortimer Collins (Griffith, Farran, & Co.); and Addison's *Essays*, edited by the late J. R. Green, "G. T. Series" (Macmillan & Co.).

We have also received the English edition of the *Catalogue Illustré* of the Champ de Mars exhibition of the Société Nationale des Beaux Arts (Chatto & Windus); *The Eagle*, a magazine for members of St. John's College, Cambridge (Cambridge: Johnson), No. XCVII., containing, among other articles, an interesting memoir of the late Professor J. C. Adams; *The French Peasantry since the Revolution of 1789*, by L. Nottelle (Simpkin and Co.), being a brief and anecdotic lecture lately delivered by M. Nottelle in Birmingham; *Words for the Weary*, by the Rev. G. H. Sharpe (Wells Gardner & Co.), a devotional book for the sick, with an introduction by the Archbishop of York; and *The Doctrine of the Episcopal Church*, "a digest of what a 'Prayer-book Churchman' believes," by the Rev. H. R. Percival, of Philadelphia (Putnam's Sons).

#### NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we cannot return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception, even if stamps for return of MS. are sent. The Editor must also entirely decline to enter into correspondence with the writers of MSS. sent in and not acknowledged.

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